THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

NOVEMBER, 1808.

FREDERICK REYNOLDS, ESQ.

THIS gentleman is the younger son of an eminent attorney, who was under sheriff to Mr. Wilkes, at the most popular period of his history. He was also solicitor to the illustrious Lord Chatham.

Young Reynolds was educated at Westminster School, and being intended by his father for the Bar, was afterwards entered of the Middle Temple, where, like the majority of students there, he learnt every thing but *law*; and though he kept all his terms, that is, took his due proportion of roast beef and plum-pudding, he never had any serious intention of assuming the barrister's wig and gown, having already fixed his affections on the gayer amusements of the *stage*.

His first play, *Werter*, was brought out at Bath, and afterwards at Covent Garden, which had refused it in the first instance; and from the popularity of the subject, and the ingenuity with which it was treated, its attraction was very great. Holman and Miss Brunton, then in the height of their popularity, were the *Werter* and *Charlotte* at the latter theatre.

The profits of the piece, great as they were, went however entirely to the manager, it being then, and we believe is now, one of the despotic regulations of the theatre, that an author should receive no money for a piece adopted from another stage.

Young writers usually attach themselves to the *mournful Muse*. The success of *Werter* had gratified his literary pride, though it had not filled his pockets. He tried again, and produced *Eloisa*, another tragedy from a subject equally interesting. But here he was less fortunate. The piece went but three nights, and brought him only *eight pounds !*

This was enough for Reynolds; he loved Melpomene well, but he loved money better. He therefore turned short round, and paid his addresses to her sister *Thalia*, who not only received his advances more favourably, but taught him *how to grow rich*. His first comedy, however, and decidedly his best, was the *Dramatist*, which still lives on the stage, and *will* live there as long as there shall be any comedian to play the eccentric and admirable character of *Vapid*. This piece found its way to the stage through Mrs. Wells, who took it for her benefit, after it had been refused by the manager; and its merit was recognized so forcibly by the town, that it was instantly and gladly seized by Mr. Harris, who allowed the author his just emoluments, and the run of the piece was immense.

The theatre was now at his command. Other pieces followed in annual succession. All of them succeeded greatly; and his reputation as a comic writer was fully established.

We have not the titles of his numerous plays at hand; but they amount, we believe, to about forty. It may be said, and has indeed often been idly objected, that his comedies perish with the season which produces them. This detracts nothing from their deserts. He wrote them *for* the season. It being his design to shoot *folly as it flies*, he "caught the manners living *as they rose;*" and with these fleeting follies, and temporary manners, the plays which satirized them, not with the strong coarse pen of the misanthrope, but the brisk playful humour of a dramatist who looked at the world to laugh at it, necessarily slipped by and were forgotten. Reynolds has done what he intended: and he has done it well, ingeniously, originally, and with infinite comic facility and address. His plan was altogether his own; and though many have followed, and some may have a little improved upon it, *his* at last must be the principal merit.

His opera now announced for representation at the

Haymarket is of a serio-comic description, and much is expected from it. It will be produced immediately.

Mr. Reynolds married Miss Mansell, of the Covent-Garden Company, a lady of truly amiable manners, by whom he has two children. In private life no gentleman is better respected, or better deserves to be so.

THE RIGHTS OF THE BRUTE CREATION TO TENDERNESS FROM MAN.

I presume there is no *man of feeling*, that has any idea of *justice*, but would confess, upon the principles of reason and common *sense*, that if he were to be put to *unnecessary* and *unmerited* pain by another man, his tormentor would do him an act of *injustice;* and from a sense of the injustice in his *own* case, now that he is the sufferer, he must naturally infer, that if he were to put *another* man of feeling to the same unnecessary and unmerited pain which he now suffers, the injustice in himself to the other would be exactly the same as the injustice in his tormentor to him. Therefore the man of feeling and justice will not put another man to unmerited pain, because he will not do that to another, which he is unwilling should be done to himself. Nor will he take any advantage of his own superiority of *strength*, or of the accidents of *fortune*, to abuse them to the oppression of his inferior; because he knows that in the article of *feeling* all men are equal; and that the differences of strength or station are as much the gifts and appointments of God, as the differences of understanding, colour, or stature. Superiority of rank or station may give ability to communicate happiness, (and seems so intended;) but it can give no right to inflict unnecessary or unmerited pain. A *wise* man would impeach his own wisdom, and be unworthy of the blessing of a good understanding, if he were to infer from thence that he had a right to despise or make game of a *fool*, or put him to any degree of pain. The folly of the fool ought rather to excite his compassion, and demands the wise man's care and attention to one that cannot take care of himself.

It has pleased God the Father of all men to cover some men with white skins, and others with black skins: but as there is neither merit nor demerit in complexion, the

white man (notwithstanding the barbarity of custom and prejudice) can have no right, by virtue of his *colour*, to enslave and tyrannize over a *black* man; nor has a *fair* man any right to despise, abuse, and insult a *brown* man. Nor do I believe that a *tall man*, by virtue of his *stature*, has any legal right to trample a *dwarf* under his foot. For, whether a man is wise or foolish, white or black, fair or brown, tall or short, and, I might add, *rich* or *poor*, (for it is no more a man's choice to be poor, than it is to be a fool, or a dwarf, or black, or tawney,) such he is by God's appointment; and, abstractedly considered, is neither a subject for pride, nor an object of contempt. Now if, amongst men, the differences of their powers of the mind, and of their complexion, stature, and accidents of fortune, do not give to any one man a right to abuse or insult any other man on account of these differences; for the same reason, a man can have no natural right to abuse and torment a beast merely because a beast has not the *mental* powers of a man. For such as the man is, he is but as God made him; and the very same is true of the beast. Neither of them can lay claim to any intrinsic *merit* for being such as they are; for before they were created it was impossible that either of them could deserve; and at their creation, their shape, perfections, or defects, were invariably fixed, and their bound set which they cannot pass. And being such, neither more nor less than God made them, there is no more demerit in a beast's being a beast, than there is merit in a man's being a man; that is, there is neither merit nor demerit in either of them.

A *brute* is an animal no less sensible of pain than a man. He has similar nerves and organs of sensation; and his cries and groans, in case of violent impressions upon his body, though he cannot utter his complaints by speech or human voice, are as strong indications to us of his sensibility of pain, as the cries and groans of a *human* being, whose language we do not understand. Now as pain is what we are all averse to, our own sensibility of pain should teach us to commiserate it in others, to alleviate it if possible, but never wantonly or unmeritedly to inflict it. As the differences amongst men in the above particulars are no bars to their feelings, so neither does the difference of the *shape* of a brute from that of a man exempt the brute from feeling; at least,

we have no ground to suppose it. But shape or figure is as much the appointment of God, as complexion or stature. And if the difference of complexion or stature does not convey to one man a right to despise and abuse another man, the difference of shape between a man and a brute cannot give to a man any right to abuse and torment a brute. For he that made man and man to differ in complexion or stature, made man and brute to differ in shape or figure. And in this case likewise there is neither merit nor demerit; every creature, whether man or brute, bearing that shape which the supreme Wisdom judged most expedient to answer the end for which the creature was ordained.

With regard to the modification of the mass of matter of which an animal is formed, it is *accidental* as to the creature itself; I mean it was not in the power or will of the creature to choose whether it should sustain the shape of a brute, or of a man: and yet, whether it be of one shape, or of the other; or whether it be inhabited or animated by the * soul of a brute or the * soul of a man; the substance or matter of which the creature is composed would be equally susceptible of feeling. It is solely owing to the good pleasure of God that we are created men; or animals in the *shape* of men. For, He that † *formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life,* that he might *become a living soul,* and endued with a sense of feeling, could, if he had so pleased, by the same plastic power, have cast the very same *dust* into the mould of a *beast;* which, being animated by the life-giving breath of its Maker, would have become ‡ a *living soul* in that form; and in that form would have been as susceptible of pain, as in the form of a *man.* And if, in *brutal* shape, we had been endued with the same degree of reason and reflection which we now enjoy; and other beings, in *human* shape, should take upon them to torment, abuse, and barbarously ill treat us, because we were not made in their shape; the injustice and cruelty of their behaviour to us would be self-evident: and we should naturally infer, that, whether we walk upon two legs or four; whether

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* It is of no consequence as to the case now before us, whether the *soul* is, as some think, only a *power,* which cannot exist without the body; or, as is generally supposed, a *spiritual substance,* that can exist, distinct and separate from the body.

† Gen. ii. 7. ‡ Gen. i. 30, *in the margin.*

our heads are prone or erect; whether we are naked or covered with hair; whether we have tails or no tails, horns or no horns, long ears or round ears; or whether we bray like an ass, speak like a man, whistle like a bird, or are mute as a fish; nature never intended these distinctions as foundations for right of tyranny and oppression. But perhaps it will be said, it is absurd to make such an inference from a mere supposition that a man might have been a brute, and a brute might have been a man; for, the supposition itself is chimerical, and has no foundation in nature; and all arguments should be drawn from fact, and not from fancy of what might be or might not be. To this I reply, in few words, and in general; that all cases and arguments, deduced from the important and benevolent precept of *doing unto as we would be done unto*, necessarily require such kind of *suppositions;* that is, they suppose the case to be *otherwise* than it really is. For instance, *a rich man is not a poor man*; yet, the duty plainly arising from the precept is this—the man who is now *rich* ought to behave to the man who is now *poor* in such a manner as the rich man, *if he were poor*, would be willing that the poor man, *if he were rich*, should behave towards him. Here is a case which in fact does not exist between these two men, for the rich man is not a poor man, nor is the poor man a rich man; yet the supposition is necessary to enforce and illustrate the precept, and the reasonableness of it is allowed. And if the supposition is reasonable in one case, it is reasonable, at least not contrary to reason, in all cases to which this general precept can extend, and in which the duty enjoined by it can and ought to be performed. Therefore, though it be true that *a man is not a horse*; yet, as a horse is a subject within the extent of the precept, that is, he is capable of receiving benefit by it, the duty enjoined in it extends to the man, and amounts to this,—Do you, that *are* a man, *so* treat your horse, *as* you would be willing to be treated by your master, *in case* that you *were* a horse. I see no absurdity nor false reasoning in this precept, nor any ill consequence that would arise from it, however it may be gainsaid by the barbarity of custom.

In the case of *human* cruelty *, the oppressed man has

* This term the author uses to express the cruelty of men unto men; and that of *brutal* cruelty, to express the cruelty of men unto beasts.

a tongue that can plead his own cause, and a finger to point out the aggressor; all men that hear of it shudder with horror; and, by applying the case to themselves, pronounce it *cruelty* with the common voice of humanity, and unanimously join in demanding the punishment of the offender, and brand him with infamy. But in the case of *brutal* cruelty, the *dumb* beast can neither utter his complaints to his own kind, nor describe the author of his wrong; nor, if he could, have they it in their power to redress and avenge him.

In the case of *human* cruelty, there are Courts and Laws of Justice in every civilized society, to which the injured man may make his appeal; the affair is canvassed, and punishment inflicted in proportion to the offence. But alas! with shame to man, and sorrow for brute, I ask the question, What laws are now in force, or what Court of Judicature does now exist, in which the suffering brute may bring his action against the wanton cruelty of barbarous man? The laws of Triptolemus are long since buried in oblivion, for Triptolemus was but a heathen. No friend, no advocate, not one is to be found amongst the † *bulls nor calves* of the people, to prefer an indictment on behalf of the brute. The Priest passeth by on one side, and the Levite on the other side; the Samaritan stands still, sheds a tear, but can no more; for there is none to help: and the poor, wretched, and unbefriended creature, is left to mourn in unregarded sorrow, and to sink under the weight of his burden.

But suppose the Law promulgated, and the Court erected. The Judge is seated, the Jury sworn, the indictment read, the cause debated, and a verdict found for the plaintiff. Yet what cost or damage? What recompense for loss sustained? In actions of humanity, with or without law, satisfaction may be made. In various ways you can make amends to a *man* for the injuries you have done him. You know his wants, and you may relieve him. You may give him clothes, or food, or money. You may raise him to a higher station, and make him happier than before you afflicted him. You may be feet to the lame, and eyes to the blind. You may entertain him, keep him company, or supply him with every comfort, convenience, and amusement of life, which he is capable of enjoying. And thus may

† Psalm lxviii. 30.

you make some atonement for the injury which you have done unto a man; and by thy assiduity and future tenderness, thou mayest perhaps obtain *his* pardon, and palliate *thine* own offence. But what is all this to the injured *brute?* If by thy passion or malice, or sportive cruelty, thou hast broken his limbs, or deprived him of hie eye-sight, how wilt thou make *him* amends? Thou canst do nothing to amuse him. He wants not thy money nor thy clothes. Thy conversation can do him no good. Thou hast obstructed his means of getting subsistence; and thou wilt hardly take upon thyself the pains and trouble of procuring it for him, (which yet by the rule of justice thou art bound to do.) Thou hast marred his little temporary happiness, which was his all to him. Thou hast maimed or blinded him for ever; and hast done him an *irreparable* injury.

LOUIS VIII. SURNAMED CŒUR DE LION.

This Prince died of the palsy, which he contracted on visiting the tomb of Thomas-à-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, when he was advanced in years, in hopes of procuring, by the intercession of that Saint, the life of his eldest son, who was dangerously ill. Louis fondly hoped that the Saint would exert his utmost endeavours to return that kindness which he had shewn him whilst living, by giving him an asylum in his kingdom, when in that of his own Sovereign, Henry II. he had been proclaimed a rebel and a traitor.

Louis made an edict, that no courtesan should be allowed to wear a golden girdle (one of the marks of female elegance in dress of his time), under a very severe penalty. This edict gave rise to an old proverb, "*Bonne renommé vault mieux que ceinture dorée*—A good reputation is of more value than a golden girdle."

In 1566, Charles IX. caused the tomb of this monarch, in the Abbey of Barbeau, to be opened in his presence. The body was found entire, had rings on the fingers, and a chain of gold round the neck. Charles, not a Prince of great delicacy, had them taken off, and wore them many years.

THE TRAVELLER:

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

As soon as I perceived the first sparkling fires of day, I mounted my ass, and took the path which leads to the high road of Babylon; scarce was I there, when in raptures I exclaimed,

O how mine eyes do wander with joy o'er yon green hills! with what delicious perfumes do these flow'ry meadows embalm the air!

I am in a beautiful avenue, my ass and I may retire under the shade of its trees when it shall seem good unto us.

How serene the Heavens! how fine a day! how pure the air I breathe! well mounted as I am, I shall arrive before dusk.

Whilst I uttered these words, besotted with joy, I looked kindly down upon my ass, and gently stroking him,

From afar I see a troop of men and women mounted upon beautiful camels, with a serious and disdainful air,

All clothed in long purple robes, with belts and golden fringes, interspersed with precious stones.

Their camels soon came up with me; I was dazzled by their splendour, and humbled by their grandeur.

Alas! all my endeavours to stretch myself served only to make me appear more ridiculously vain.

Mine eyes did measure them incessantly; scarce did my head reach their ancles; I was sorely vexed from the bottom of my soul, nevertheless did I not give over following them.

Then did I wish that my ass could raise himself as high as the highest of camels, and fain would I have seen his long ears peep over their lofty heads.

I continually incited him by my cries, I press'd him with my heels and my halter; and though he quickened his pace, yet six of his steps scarce equalled one of the camels.

In short, we lost sight of them, and I all hopes of overtaking them. What difference, cried I, between their lot and mine! Why are they not in my place? or why am I not in theirs?

Wretch that I am! I sadly journey on alone upon the vilest and the slowest of animals; they, on the contrary—

happy they!—would blush to have me in their train; so despicable am I in their eyes!

Busied in these reflections, and lost in thought, my ass, finding I no longer pressed him, slackened his pace, and presently stooped to feed upon the thistles.

The grass was goodly; it seemed to invite him to rest; so he laid him down: I fell; and like unto him who from a profound sleep awaketh in surprise, so was I on a sudden awakened from my meditations.

As soon as I got up, the voice of thousands came buzzing in my ears; I looked around, and beheld a troop still more numerous than the former.

These were mounted as poorly as myself; their linen tunics the same as mine; their manners seemed familiar; I addressed the nearest.

Do your utmost, says I, you will never be able, mounted as you are, to overtake those who are a-head of you.

Let us alone, says he, for that; the madmen! they risk their lives; and for what? to arrive a few minutes before us.

We are all going to Babylon; an hour sooner or later, in linen tunic or purple robes, on an ass or a camel, what matters it, when once one is arrived; nay, upon the road, so you know how to amuse yourself?

You, for example; what would have become of you had you been mounted on a camel! your fall, says he, would have been fatal. I sighed, and had nothing to reply.

Then looking behind me, how great was my surprise to see men, women, and children, following us a-foot, some singing, others skipping on the tender grass; their poor backs bowed under their burdens.

Then cried I, transported beyond myself, They go to Babylon as well as I: and is it they who rejoice? and is it I who am sad? when on a sudden my oppressed heart became light; and I felt a gentle joy flow within my veins.

Ere we got in, we overtook the first party; their camels had thrown them; their long purple robes, their belts, and gold fringes interspersed with diamonds, were all covered with mud.

Then, ye powerful of the earth, even then it was I perceived the littleness of human grandeur; but the just estimation I made of it did not render me insensible to the misfortunes of others.

EMPLOYMENT FOR A WIFE.

[EXTRACTED FROM A BOOK OF HUSBANDRY, PUBLISHED IN THE EARLY PART OF THE 16TH CENTURY.]

If a man had presumed to hint to the late Mrs. Woolstoncroft, that a married woman who followed these directions might be as happy in herself, and as useful a member of society, as one formed upon *her* plan, and exhibited in a certain singular and very reprehensible book, published since her death, the bare supposition would probably have produced a sneer from the heroine, and a contemptuous frown in the philosopher, who, in the memorial he has left of his deceased wife, has palpably overleaped the boundaries of decorum and good sense: perhaps the sceptic, who is for discussing and unveiling *every thing*, had in his mind the sentiment of a certain poet, and was of opinion that he was

> "Never so sure our wonder to create
> As when he touch'd the bounds of all we hate."

But the old-fashioned doctrine of domestic duties, and female occupations, must not be forgotten.

"When first thou awakest in the morning, lift up thy heart and voice in thankfulness to God, who made thee; thus calling to mind thy Maker at thy early rising, thou shalt speed better for it the rest of the day.

"Having arrayed thyself as becometh a decent housewife, sweep thy house and dress thy dish-board, and see that all things be set in due order within and without, that the kine be milked, the calves suckled, and the milk skimmed; then let the young children be taken up, washed right wholesomely all over them in spring water, combed and kirtled, and sit down with thy family to breakfast.

"Corn and malt must be ordered for the mill; and, that thou have thy measure again, meet it to and from the miller, who else will not deal truly with thee; or thy malt will not be dried as it should be.

"Thou must make butter and cheese according as the weather urgeth, and the cows fill the dishes; the swine must be served morning and evening, not forgetting the poultry; and when the time of year cometh, thou wilt take good heed how thy hens, ducks, and geese, do lay; gather up their eggs diligently, and when they wax broody, set them right cunningly, so that neither beast,

swine, nor vermin, hurt or molest them; all whole-footed fowls, thou knowest, will sit a month; and all cloven-footed fowls three weeks, except pea-hens, turkeys, cranes, and bustards.

"I advise thee earnestly to remember well one thing; when in winter time, that the days be short and the evenings long, and thou sitteth by the fire, and hast supped, consider in thy mind whether the works that thou and thy maiden do are of advantage equal to the fire and candle, the meat and the drink, that they consume; if not, go to thy bed, sleep, and be up by time to breakfast before day-light, that thou mayest have all the day before thee entire, to thy business.

"In the beginning of March it is time for a wife to have an eye to her garden, and to get as many good seeds and herbs as she can for the pot and the platter; in March also is the season to sow flax and hemp; it needeth not for me to shew how it should be sown, weeded, pulled, watered, dried, beaten, broken, tawed, hackled, spun, wounden, warped and wove, for in such matters, peradventure, thou art better instructed than me.

"It is my business to observe, that although a woman cannot wholly and altogether get her living honestly by the distaff, yet it should always be ready for a pastime; it stoppeth many unemployed gaps, and provideth articles both for bed and board, for which hard money must otherwise go forth from thy husband's purse; there be spinsters, as well as wives, who make it a matter of conscience never to buy sheets, body clothes, towels, shirts, smocks, and such like.

"It is a wife's occupation to winnow all manner of corn, and to keep a watchful eye that the day-labourers and outdwellers bring not with them, nor carry forth nor conceal their pokes (bags), which, under a pretence of holding their bottle and scrip, only serve to lower the heap on the barn floor.

"It is a wife's occupation to wash and to wring, or to see well after and be among them, that the soapand firewood be not made waste of; to be brisk at harvest; and in time of need, while the coppers are boiling the provisiou, to help her husband to load the waggon or the cart; to go or ride to market, and sell her butter, cheese, eggs, chickens, geese, and pigs; to purchase all necessary things, and to make a true reckoning and account thereof to her husband when she returns."

To address the above homely directions indiscriminately to women of all ranks would be caricaturing advice, and converting wholesome rules into ironical ridicule.

Yet, if the majority of our young women of scanty expectations would not fix their eyes so steadily as for the most part they do on the more elevated and wealthy classes of society, whom they vainly and ruinously attempt to imitate; if in their views, their education, their habits, their dress, and their manners, they could happily be prevailed on to attend more to domestic duty, and less to trifling amusement and ornamental accomplishment; if they could be convinced that to make a pudding or a shirt, or even their own gowns, is a species of knowledge rather more useful than dancing a minuet, talking bad French, or spoiling a piano-forte; we might in that case hope to see gradually diminished that shocking and enormous mass of venal beauty, which renders our passing the streets, after a certain hour, distressing to our feelings, hazardous to the morals, and injurious to the health of the rising generation.

Women, indeed, formed on the narrow unphilosophic plan here aimed at, would probably not reach that criterion of absolute perfection and equality sought after and expected by Mrs. Woolstoncroft; they perhaps would, in some respects, come under the description of what she calls domestic drudges: surely a more desirable state than being drudges to infamy and prostitution.

Women thus educated and thus instructed, would probably revolt at living as concubines with one man, or at indulging warm wishes for another, the husband of a friend; they would not only submit to stated returns of religious worship without repugnance, but would seize with eagerness and pleasure every opportunity of pouring forth their hearts in gratitude and adoration to the Almighty Creator of the universe.

When their last hour was come, as reasonable beings, sensible of their frailties and faults, they would naturally cast an anxious eye towards that world unknown; they would neither desire nor deserve the panegyric of a modern philosopher, by quitting a scene of trial and temptation, on which eternal happiness or eternal misery depended, with cold indifference, or suppressed anxiety.

MODERN PREACHERS.

It is allowed, on all hands, that our English divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education by frequent study, more than any others of this reverend profession in Europe. In general also, it may be observed, that a greater degree of gentility is affixed to the character of a student in England than elsewhere, by which means our clergy have an opportunity of seeing better company while young, and of sooner wearing off those prejudices which they are apt to imbibe even in the best-regulated universities, and which may be justly termed the vulgar errors of the literary republic.

Yet with all these advantages it is very obvious, that the clergy are no where so little thought of, by the populace, as here; and though our divines are foremost, with respect to abilities, yet they are found last in the effects of their ministry; the vulgar, in general, appearing no way impressed with a sense of religious duty. I am not for complaining of the depravity of the times, or for endeavouring to paint a prospect more gloomy than in nature; but certain it is, no person who has travelled will contradict me when I aver, that the lower orders of mankind in other countries testify on every occasion the profoundest awe of religion, while in England they are scarcely awakened into a sense of its duties, even in circumstances of the greatest distress.

This dissolute and fearless conduct foreigners are apt to attribute to climate and constitution; may not the vulgar, being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conspiring cause? Our divines seldom stoop to their mean capacities; and they, who want instruction most, find least in our religious assemblies.

Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Those who constitute the basis of the great fabric of society, should be particularly regarded; for in policy, as in architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom.

Men of real sense and understanding prefer a prudent mediocrity to a precarious popularity; and, fearing to overdo their duty, leave it half undone. Their discourses from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unaf-

fecting; delivered with the most insipid calmness, insomuch, that should the peaceful preacher lift his head over the cushion, which alone he seems to address, he might discover his audience, instead of being awakened into remorse, actually sleeping over his methodical and laboured composition.

This method of preaching is, however, by some called an address to reason, and not to the passions; this is styled the making of converts from conviction; but such are indifferently acquainted with human nature, who are not sensible that men seldom reason about their debaucheries till they are committed; reason is but a weak antagonist when headlong passion dictates; in all such cases we should arm one passion against another; it is with the human mind as in nature, from the mixture of two opposites the result is most frequent neutral tranquillity. Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies begin at the wrong end, since the attempt naturally presupposes us capable of reason: but to be made capable of this is one great point of the cure.

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher, for the people are easily pleased if they perceive any endeavours in the orator to please them; the meanest qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher sincerely sets about it. Perhaps little, very little more is required, than sincerity and assurance; and a becoming sincerity is always certain of producing a becoming assurance. *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*, is so trite a quotation, that it almost demands an apology to repeat it; yet, though all allow the justice of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice; our orators, with the most faulty bashfulnes, seem impressed rather with an awe of their audience than with a just respect for the truths they are about to deliver; they of all professions seem the most bashful, who have the greatest right to glory in their commission.

The French preachers generally assume all that dignity which becomes men who are ambassadors from Christ; the English divines, like erroneous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employer. The Bishop of Massilion, in the first sermon he ever preached, found the whole audience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a disposition no way favourable to his intentions; their nods, whispers, or drowsy behaviour, shewed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a

soil so improper: however, he soon changed the disposition of his audience by his manner of beginning: "If," says he, "a cause, the most important that could be conceived were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges; if this cause interested ourselves in particular; if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the event; if the most eminent counsel were employed on both sides; and if we had heard from our infancy of this yet undetermined trial would you not all sit with due attention; and warm expectation to the pleadings on each side? Would not all your hopes and fears be hinged upon the final decision? And yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cause of much greater importance before you; a cause where not one nation but all the world are spectators, tried not before a fallible tribunal, but the awful throne of Heaven, where not your temporal and transitory interests are the subject of debate, but your eternal happiness or misery; where the cause is still undetermined: but, perhaps, the very moment I am speaking may fix the irrecoverable decree that shall last for ever; and yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit with patience to hear the tidings of your own salvation; I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet I am scarcely attended to, &c." The style, the abruptness of a beginning like this, in the closet would appear absurd, but in the pulpit it is attended with the most lasting impressions; that style, which in the closet might justly be called flimsy, seems the true mode of eloquence here. I never read a fine composition, under the title of a sermon, that I do not think the author has miscalled his piece, for the talents to be used in writing well entirely differ from those of speaking well. The qualifications for speaking, as has been already observed, are easily acquired; they are accomplishments which may be taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of stooping. Impressed with a sense of the truths he is about to deliver, a preacher disregards the applause or the contempt of his audience, and he insensibly assumes a just and manly sincerity. With this talent alone we see what crowds are drawn around enthusiasts, even destitute of common sense; what numbers converted to Christianity. Folly may sometimes set an example for wisdom to practise, and our regular divines may borrow instruction from even Methodists, who go their circuits, and preach prizes among the populace.

It will be perhaps objected, that by confining the ex-

cellencies of a preacher to proper assurance, earnestness, and openness of style, I make the qualifications too trifling for estimation: there will be something called oratory brought up on this occasion; action, attitude, grace, elocution, may be repeated as absolutely necessary to compleat the character; but let us not be deceived, common sense is seldom swayed by fine tones, musical periods, just attitude, or the display of a white handkerchief; oratorial behaviour, except in very able hands indeed, generally sinks into aukward and paltry affectation.

It must be observed, however, that these rules are calculated only for him who would instruct the vulgar, who stand in most need of instruction; to address philosophers, and to obtain the character of a polite preacher among the polite, a much more useless, though more sought-for character, requires a different method of proceeding. All I shall observe on this head is, to entreat the polemic divine, in his controversy with the Deists, to act rather offensively than to defend; to push home the grounds of his belief, and the impracticability of theirs, rather than to spend time in solving the objections of every opponent. It is ten to one, says a writer on the Art of War, but that the assailant who attacks the enemy in his trenches is always victorious.

Yet, upon the whole, our clergy might employ themselves more to the benefit of society, by declining all controversy, than by exhibiting even the profoundest skill in polemic disputes; their contests with each other often turn on speculative trifles, and their disputes with the Deists are almost at an end, since they can have no more than victory, and that they are already possessed of, as their antagonists have been driven into a confession of the necessity of revelation, or an open avowal of atheism. To continue the dispute longer would only endanger it; the sceptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himself unable to continue, "and, like an Olympic boxer, generally fights best when undermost."

WEALTH AND RANK.

THERE is no instance in which the words and actions of mankind are more at variance, than in the affected contempt of riches and distinction. We all eagerly

court wealth and honours, though we generally see the possessors of them differ from the rest of mankind only by the insipidity of their enjoyments. Even those who arrive unexpectedly at them are in the same predicament after the first noveity is past: and during the short period it lasts, they commonly shew their sense of it by exercising that insolent and supercilious behaviour to their former equals, which is the usual distinguishing character of the NOVUS HOMO.

Riches, and rank, however, are certainly advantages in themselves, when enjoyed with moderation, and not substituted in the place of more solid advantages. The enjoyment of all the conveniences and elegancies of life, in the highest degree, if not abused by folly and intemperance, is a real good, in spite of all the empty declamations of affected stoicism. Surely to be received every where with respect and attention instead of neglect; to have every look courted, and every word listened to; and above all, to be able to relieve poverty and distress by actions of benevolence, instead of empty wishes, must appear solid blessings in the eye of the most rigid philosophy. Yet the man who misapplies these blessings, who over-rates their value, or depends on them in circumstances where they cannot avail him, will often meet disgust and disappointment where he expects pleasure and, esteem. He who is above conciliating the favour of mankind by good humour and affability, because he is a Lord, will find knaves who will flatter him to his face, and abuse him behind his back, and fools who will submit to his insolence, for the degrading honour of being seen in his company; but he will never find a real friend, or even an independent companion. And he who will not put on his own shoes and stockings because he keeps a valet, or is not able to girt his horse because he is always attended by a groom, is a complete slave. Neither is this species of slavery confined to the indolent only; it may be found among persons engaged in the most active pursuits. I have known an officer in camp as unable to get up in the morning without assistance as a sucking babe, or a turtle turned on its back; and I have seen a foxhunter, who, if the girt of his saddle got loose, was completely unhorsed for the day, if he could not find a servant or a countryman to help him.

But the most degrading reliance on wealth and rank is in the service of love. The man who only bribes his mis-

tress to his arms by the dignity of title, or the splendour of equipage, sacrifices every thing that is dear to a man of sensibility and spirit. The certainty that he is solely indebted to the disinterested love of his mistress for the possession of her, is an advantage that fully compensates to the man of small fortune his deficiency in more shewy attainments. A Duke may perhaps be assured of the fidelity and affection of his wife, but he never can know if he was the object of the undisguised passion of his bride. H. J. P.

LIBELS*.

Concerning libels and libellers, much hath been said, and much hath been done. Indeed too much, as I am free to think; and I have often wished, that the public personages of the realm would not be quite so tender-fibred and irritable with regard to what is said or written about them.

The famous reformer, Calvin, told Francis I. that "there would be no such thing as innocence, either in words or deeds, if a simple accusation was sufficient to destroy it:" *nullam neque in dictis, neque in factis, innocentiam fore, si accusâsse sufficiat* †. Now, if this be really so, as I verily believe it is: if censorious criticism, detraction, and calumny, must more especially accompany men engaged in the turbid sphere of active life: and if nothing can secure from these but imbecility, insignificancy, indolence, or obscurity,—of all which I am most firmly persuaded,—what is satire and abuse? no criterion, surely, of innocence or guilt: nothing, or it may be nothing, but the fermentations and ebullitions of human prejudices and human passions ‡.—Besides,

* Lord Bacon calls *libels* "the females of sedition;" as if the scolding, or *tongue-part*, of the conflict, were performed by them. *Hist. of Henry VII.*

† In Dedicat. Institut.

‡ What is scandal? It is, as thus very justly defined, *Sermo sine ullo certo auctore dispersus, cui malignitas; initium dedit, incrementum credulitas; quod nulli non, etiam innoentissimo, possit accidere:* that is "a vague and scandalous report, from no certain author, invented by malice, and nurtured by credulity; and which" (contrary to the proverb of *no smoke without fire* "may be propagated of the most innocent man alive." Quintilian, V. 3.

the prosecution, or (which they will always call it) the persecution, of libellers can never produce any other effect but to give weight and consequence to both the libel and the libeller: that of Tacitus being universally true, *punitis ingeniis gliscit auctoritas.* Nay, there is no occasion for *ingenuity*, if that idea be included here, to give a lustre to the prosecution; since nothing is more frequent than that writers of neither sense, nor wit, nor learning, nor honesty, become, by being prosecuted, possessed of them all.

Philosophers have from time to time held out to poor sufferers in this way (I mean, to those who have wept under the smart of satire) certain *medicamina mentis*, certain specifics to render the mind callous and insensible to this sort of correction; and one of them, I think, prescribes the following *recipe:* "Whenever you labour under defamation, or whenever any thing false is reported to your discredit, consider that it is not you, but some imaginary personage, to whom the imputed infamy belongs." But this seems nothing near so efficacious as the virulence and malignity of the case may require. For if Robert, mistaking in the dark, should fall upon the shoulders of Richard with a cudgel, would the impressions be less forcible, or the sensations less lively, because Richard might not be the person for whom the favour was intended? There is more good sense, if not so much subtlety, in the saying of Augustus; who, when urged by his son-in-law to pursue this race of scribblers, replied, "Don't indulge a spirit of resentment against these our adversaries; it is quite sufficient that we are not in a situation to be hurt by any one:" *satis est, mi Tiberi, si hoc habemus, ne quis nobis malè facere possit* *.

But neither does this entirely please me: for, first, this Emperor derived his boasted security from usurpation and tyranny; and then he afterwards became himself a severe prosecutor of libellous productions †. The example of Timoleon is more perfect in its kind. This wise and virtuous man, being wrongfully accused in an assembly of the people, instead of resenting or even taking it ill, thanked the immortal gods for granting what he had so often prayed for; which was, that "the Syracu-

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* Sueton, *in Aug.* 51.

† *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis Libellis, specie legis Majestatis, tractavit.* Tacit. Ann. I.

sans might have the liberty of speaking what, and of whom, they would, with impunity *. This example is, I say, more perfect; but then, alas! it is too perfect for the age we live in: it is above the strength of men, as men are now—οιοι νυν βροτοι εισι. I choose, therefore, upon the whole, to recommend the behaviour of the Emperor Constantine; who, being importuned to punish some seditious persons for disfiguring his statues by throwing stones at them, did nothing more than calmly stroke his face, and tell his friends with a smile, that he *did not perceive himself to be hurt* †. This cold contempt of what men say or think seems to have been the specific of our celebrated Dr. Swift against impressions from the malignity of scandal, as set forth in a poem he has left us; which, being short and edifying, may as well be here subjoined.

ON CENSURE, IN 1727.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure:
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, and wit:
All others who inferior sit
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those, who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lye:
"Alas! they would not do you wrong,
"But all appearances are strong."
Yet, whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache:
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place:
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think:
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learned, or wise.
The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice is---*to let them talk.*

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* Nepos *in Timol.* † Chrysostom. *Homl.* 20.

ARABIAN GRATITUDE AND GENEROSITY.

ALI-IBN-ABBAS, favourite of the Caliph Mamoun* and lieutenant of the police in the reign of this prince, relates, in these terms, a story that happened to himself:

"I was one evening with the caliph, when a man, bound hand and foot, was brought in. Mamoun ordered me to keep a watchful eye over the prisoner, and to bring him the next day. The caliph seemed greatly irritated; and the fear of exposing myself to his resentment induced me to confine the prisoner in my haram, as the most secure place in my house.

"I asked him what country he was of. He said, Damascus; and that his habitation was in the quarter of the great mosque. May Heaven, cried, I shower down the choicest of its blessings upon the city of Damascus, and particularly upon the quarter where you resided! He was solicitous to know the motive that so much interested me for that district. It is, said I, that I owe my life to a man that lived there.

"These words excited his curiosity, and he conjured me to gratify it. It is many years since, continued I, that the caliph, dissatisfied with the viceroy of Damascus, deposed him. I accompanied the person whom the prince had appointed his successor; and at the instant we were taking possession of the governor's palace, a quarrel broke out between the new and the old go-

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* Mamoun, son of the Caliph Aroun Alrachid. His name is famous all over the east; and he is reckoned the greatest prince of the Abbassidies family. He reigned twenty-eight years and eight months. He was a great warrior, of a sweet disposition, and liberal to excess: but what most immortalised him was his love of learning. He was himself deeply versed in every science, but more especially in philosophy and astronomy. This is the prince that caused the most valuable books to be translated from the Greeks, their first masters. The Mahometan doctors have reproached him with introducing philosophy, and the other speculative sciences, into Mahometanism; for the Arabians of his days were not accustomed to read any other books but what related to their own religion. This prince shewed equal favour to every man of knowledge, let his religion be what it would. The question about the creation, or eternity, of the Alcoran, was started in his time, and occasioned much effusion of blood. He, with the smallest number of doctors, held it to be created. But the other doctors insisted, that the Alcoran, being the word proceeding from God, was eternal like himself: this sentiment is embraced by the present Mahometans, who consider all that deny that doctrine as infidels.

vernor; the latter had posted soldiers who assaulted us: I escaped out of a window, and, finding myself pursued by other assassins, took shelter in your quarter. I observed a palace open, and seeing the master at the door, supplicated him to save my life. He immediately conducted me into the apartment of his women, where I continued a month in peace and plenty.

"My host came one day to inform me, that a caravan was setting out for Bagdad; and that, if I wished to return to my own home, I could not avail myself of a more favourable opportunity. Shame held my tongue; and I had not courage to confess my poverty: I had no money, and for want of that should be forced to follow the caravan on foot. But how great was my surprise, when, on the day of departure, a very fine horse was brought me, a mule loaded with all sorts of provisions, and a black slave to attend me on the road! My generous host presented me at the same time a purse of gold, and conducted me himself to the caravan, where he recommended me to several of the travellers, who were his friends. These are the kindnesses I received in your city, and that render it so dear to me: all my concern is, that I have not hitherto been able to discover my generous benefactor. I should die content, could I find an opportunity of testifying my gratitude.

"Your wishes are accomplished, cried my prisoner, in a transport. I am he that received you in my palace. Do you not remember me? The time that had elapsed since that event, and the grief into which he was sunk, had greatly altered his face; but, on a more close examination of his features, I easily recollected him; and some circumstances he brought to my mind left me not the least room to doubt but that the prisoner, who was then in danger of losing his life, was the very person who had so generously saved mine. I embraced him with tears in my eyes, took off his chains, and asked him by what fatality he had incurred the caliph's displeasure. Some contemptible enemies, he replied, have found means to asperse me unjustly to Mamoun: I was hurried away from Damascus, and cruelly denied even the consolation of embracing my wife and children: I know not what fate attends me; but as I have reason to apprehend my death is determined, I request you to acquaint them with my misfortunes.

"No, said I to him, you shall not die; I dare give

you this assurance: you shall be restored to your family; be at liberty from this moment. I presently provided some pieces of the richest gold stuffs of Bagdad, and begged him to present them to his wife: depart immediately, added I, presenting him with a purse of a thousand sequins: haste to rejoin those precious pledges of your affection which you left at Damascus; let the caliph's indignation fall on me; I dread it not, if I am happy enough to preserve you.

"What a proposal do you make me! answered my prisoner; and can you think me capable of accepting it? What! shall I, to avoid death, sacrifice that same life now which I formerly saved? Endeavour to convince the caliph of my innocence: this is the only proof I will admit of your gratitude: if you cannot undeceive him, I will go myself and offer him my head: let him dispose of my life at his pleasure, provided yours be safe. I again intreated him to escape, but he continued inflexible.

"I did not fail to present myself the next morning before Mamoun. The prince was dressed in a crimson-coloured mantle, the symbol of his anger. As soon as he saw me, he inquired where my prisoner was; and at the same instant ordered the executioner to attend. My lord, says I, throwing myself at his feet, something very extraordinary has happened with regard to the person you yesterday committed to my custody. Will your majesty permit me to explain it? These words threw him into a passion. I swear, cried he, by the soul of my ancestors, that thy head shall pay for the prisoner, if thou hast suffered him to escape. Both my life and his are at your majesty's disposal: vouchsafe to hear me. Speak, said he. I then related to the prince in what manner that man had saved my life at Damascus; that, desirous to discharge the obligation I lay under to him, I had offered him his liberty; but that he had refused it, from the fear of exposing me to death. My lord, added I, he is not guilty; a man of such generous sentiments cannot be so. Some base detractors have calumniated him to you; and he is become the unfortunate victim of their hatred and envy. The caliph appeared affected, and, having naturally a greatness of soul, could not help admiring the conduct of my friend. I pardon him, said Mamoun, on thy account: go, carry him this good news, and bring him to me. I threw myself at the prince's feet, kissed them, and made my acknowledgments in

the strongest terms my gratitude could suggest: I then conducted my prisoner into the caliph's presence. The monarch ordered him to be clothed with a robe of honour, presented him with ten horses, ten mules, and ten camels, out of his own stables; to all which favours he added a purse of ten thousand sequins for the expenses of his journey, and gave him a letter of recommendation to the governor of Damascus."

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS AND GREEKS.

BY MR. SEMPLE.

If two stout Greeks be fighting in the street, a Turk comes between them, pushes each a different way; and adds kicks and blows, should they still linger near each other. They look upon the life of an infidel as of little more value than that of a brute; and indeed do not seem to estimate their own at a very high rate. They have some traits of the true military character; are fond of horses and arms; and detest the sea. They delight in the pomp, and noise, and glitter of war, and they can blind themselves for a short time in the hour of battle to its dangers; but its incessant fatigues soon dishearten them; and although they insult the Christians at Constantinople and Smyrna, they have learnt to tremble before them on the banks of the Danube, and the borders of the Euxine. This, then, betrays the whole secret of their haughtiness. It is founded on the conquests of their remote ancestors, not on their own tried strength.

In a word, deluded by the semblance of war, and really enervated by long habits of peace, and by religion, the rewards of which are entirely sensual, the Turk is willing to have a foretaste in this world of the cooling shades, the pure running streams, the soft slumbers, and the Houris of Paradise. Tents adorned with fringes, horses gaily caparisoned, and splendid arms, serve only to wake him gently from these luxurious dreams, that he may fall to slumber again with a better relish, and dream that he is a soldier. So much of war as consists in that, he does not dislike. But long and tedious marches, painful wounds, above all, the profound study and science of war, are wholly unsuited to his temper, at once impetuous and indolent. Where it is possible by a single violent exertion to obtain his end, the Turk may succeed; but,

disappointed in that first effort, he retires, like the tyger who has missed his spring, and requires a long interval of repose to recruit his scattered ferocity.

The radical and incurable defects of the Turkish character proceed in my opinion from their religion. All attempts of a legislature to define exactly, not merely what is vice and what is virtue, but also the daily and hourly duties of the man and the citizen, may form a peculiar and separate people, a nation of Jews or of Turks; but, once formed, that nation remains for ever incapable of improvement. Such is the defect of the Koran. Its simple precepts, its strict prohibitions, were well calculated to bind together the wandering tribes of the desert, but become too minute in some instances, and too desultory in others, when considered as the sole code of laws for an immense empire. Swathing-clothes may strengthen the child, but, if not timely removed, effectually prevent its becoming a man. Mohammed fixed at once the moral limits of his people. He sketched no faint outline; but, on the contrary, marked it with so strong a hand, that the line of distinction is for ever drawn, not merely between the Turk and the Christian, but between the Turk and the philosopher. It is impossible to be a true Mussulman and a lover and cultivator of those arts and sciences which adorn and exalt mankind. The Koran must be laid aside before the sources of real knowledge can be opened; the Englishman, the Gaul, the German, and the Russian, may each preserve the characteristic manners and customs of his country, and be a Christian; but the Jew or the Turk must be absolutely the same in all climates.

It is impossible to survey the present condition of the Greeks without pity, or their character without some contempt. Like their ancestors, they are still fond of throwing the disc or quoit; like them, the olive still forms a material article of their food. But the pleasing delusion can be carried no further. On longer and closer intimacy, we find the modern Greek smooth but deceitful; boasting but cowardly; vain yet abject, and cringing under the most insulting tyranny; light and capricious without invention; talkative without information; and equally bigoted with the Spaniard or Italian, but without the same real warmth of devotion to excuse it.

"There is no doubt but that the glories of his ancestors serve, by the contrast, to render his vices more pro-

minent. Had we not been early taught to admire Grecian courage, wisdom, and talents, we might look upon the meanness of the present race with less emotion. But who can think, without regret, that the descendants of the conquerors of Marathon are cowards and slaves; that for so many centuries not a single poet has arisen in the country of Homer; and that the place of Plato and the philosophers is supplied by ignorant priests; and of their scholars, by a still more ignorant people? The Greeks of this day present, in their moral character, the same spectacle as that of a man to whom Heaven has granted the doubtful blessing of very long life. But, however debased in a moral point of view, the Greeks still retain much of what we may suppose to have been their former physical character. Few amongst them are deformed or ugly; but, on the contrary, those from the Morea and the western islands of the Archipelago are in general remarkably stout, with broad shoulders and thick necks; whilst those of the other islands, and from Constantinople, Smyrna, and the coasts of Asia, supply by the elegance what is deficient in the strength of their make. Their physiognomies are expressive, but still less so than those of the Turks; and the women, when young, are generally beautiful and sprightly, but their beauty is of short duration. They are fond of wearing flowers on their head; and a robe sitting close to the body, and flowing loose behind, form the Asiatic part of dress, the remainder being very similar to that used by women in England or France. The men dress in short jackets and vests, with loose trowsers, which come just below the knee; and the common people, like the Turks, have their legs bare, with only a pair of slippers on the feet. They seldom shave the upper lip; which, with their bushy hair, and a little red cap on the crown of their heads, serves often to give them a wild look, but never a dignified or martial air.

Even Turkish oppression, however, cannot entirely destory the natural cheerfulness of their dispositions, inspired by the fine climate under which they live. They are fond of songs and dancing; and there are few, even of their smallest vessels, which have not on board at least one musician, furnished with a small violin or rebeck, and sometimes the Spanish guitar. Upon these, when becalmed amongst the islands, or sailing with light breezes along the coast of Greece, they play wild, and often not

unpleasing, airs; when a favourite tune is touched, the mariners join their voices in concert. The first part of the English tune of 'God save the King' is very popular with the Greeks at Smyrna; but the second is either beyond their abilities, or not suited to their taste. It is said, indeed, that they seldom retain the second part of any European tune."

LOVE IN MANY MASKS.

It is difficult, in every period of life, to inspire a real passion: but it is easy to make most women conceive a momentary one: many things contribute to this: a fine figure; the appearance of strength and vigour; the graces; wit, or the reputation of it; complaisance; and, often, a decided tone, and light manners; ambitious ideas; and, finally, interested views. With so many resources, it is almost impossible that every one should not find means to gratify his inclinations during his youth; but, in a riper age, it is necessary to fix the affections. If we will not renounce every species of gallantry, it is necessary to accustom ourselves early to the sweet habitude of living with one whom we love and esteem; without which, we fall into the most gloomy apathy, or insupportable agitation. The habitude of which I speak is more agreeable and solid when founded upon the permanent affections of the mind; but this is not so absolutely necessary as not to be dispensed with. It is certain that the cares of a woman are always more agreeable to an old man than those of a relation or friend of his own sex; it seems to be the wish and intention of nature that the two sexes should live and die together.

We become insensible of a settled habitude; and, as we do not perceive that a mistress grows old, and becomes less handsome, we do not observe that her way of thinking becomes our own, and our reason subjected to hers, though sometimes less enlightened. We insensibly sacrifice our fortune to her; and this is a necessary consequence of the resignation we have made of our reason.

Men sometimes pass over the infidelities of women, because they are not perfectly convinced of them, and that a blind confidence is a necessary consequence of their seduction: but if, unfortunately, they come to the knowledge of them, it is impossible for a man, sincerely

attached to a woman, not to be susceptible of jealousy. This jealousy takes a tinge of the character of the person who is affected with it. The mild man becomes afflicted, falls ill, and dies, if a repentance, which he is always disposed to believe sincere, does not console him: the choleric man breaks out into rage; and, in the first moments, it is not known how far this may carry him; but men of this disposition are soonest appeased, and most frequently to be deceived.

Pecuniary interest should never be the basis of an amorous connection; it renders it shameful, or at least suspicious: money, says Montaigne, being the source of concubinage. But when a tender union is well formed, interest, like sentiment, becomes common; every thing is mutual; and there is but one fortune for two sincere lovers. If they be equally honest, and incapable of making a bad use of it, this is just and natural; but frequently the complaisance of one makes him or her partake too much of the misfortunes and errors of the other.

Love should never have any thing to do with affairs: it ought to live on pleasures only: but how is it possible to resist the solicitations of a beloved object, who, though she ought not to participate in affairs which she has not prudence or courage enough to manage, yet having always, for a pretext, her interest in your reputation, welfare, and happiness, how is it possible to resist an amiable woman, who attacks with such weapons?

Some ladies have a real, others a borrowed reputation; that of the first is pure and unspotted, founded on the principles of religion, consequently the only genuine one; it belongs to women really attached to their duty, and who have never failed in the least point of it, whether they have had the good fortune to love their husbands, who have returned their affection; or whether, by an effort of virtue, they have been faithful to a man whom they have not loved nor were beloved by. There is another reputation, unknown to religion, which delicate morality, although purely human, does not admit, but which the world, more indulgent, will sometimes accept as good; that founded upon the good choice of lovers, or, rather, of a lover, for multiplicity is always indecent. We are so disposed to think that each loves his likeness, that we judge of the character of men and women by those of their own sex with whom they have formed an intimacy; but

infinitely more by the persons for whom they conceive a serious attachment. Many a man of wit has established the reputation of his mistress, without composing madrigals for her, but by making known the passion with which she had inspired him; many a woman of merit has created or established the reputation of him whom she has adopted her chevalier. After all, it is more dangerous to solicit than to decline this kind of reputation: it happens more frequently that a man loses himself by making a bad choice, than he adds to his fame by making a good one.

If the public are indulgent to the attachments of simple individuals, they are much more so to those of kings, and people in place, when they think them real, and do not suspect in them either ambition, intrigue, or motives of interest. All France approved of the love of Charles VII. for Agnes Sorel, because she had the courage to say to this prince, that, unless he recovered his kingdom, he was not worthy of her affection. The Parisians applauded the love of Henry IV. for *La Belle Gabrielle*, and sung with pleasure the songs this monarch made for her; because, knowing her to be handsome, and of a good disposition, they imagined she would inspire the King with sentiments of benevolence.

Never did a woman love a man more sincerely than Madame de la Valliere loved Lewis XIV. She never quitted him but for God alone; and, swelled with vanity as that monarch was, he could not complain of this rivality; so much the less, as the Supreme Being had but the remains of the heart of his mistress, and perhaps never possessed it entirely.

I have heard an anecdote of Madame de la Valliere, which I do not remember to have seen in print. This lady was so modest, and had so little ambition, that she had never told the king she had a brother, much less had she ever asked any favour for him. He was still young, and had made his first campaign among the cadets of the king's household. Lewis XIV. reviewng his troops, saw his mistress smile in a friendly manner at a young man, who, on his part, bowed to her with an air of familiarity. In the evening, the King asked, in a severe and irritated tone of voice, who this young man was. Madame de la Valliere was at first confused, but afterwards told his Majesty it was her brother. The King, having assured

himself of it, conferred distinguished favours upon the young gentleman, who was father of the first Duke de la Valliere.

The King's intrigue with Madame de Montespan was not of a nature to be approved of so much as that he had with Madame de la Valliere; yet the nation did not complain, because it was thought the love of this lady procured the public magnificent feasts and elegant amusements. The following verses were a good deal sung at that time:

Ah! quelle est charmante
Notre aimable cour;
Sous le meme tente
On voit tour a tour.

La gloire et l'amour,
Conquete brilliante
Et fete gallante
Marquent chaque jour.

On the contrary, the public were a good deal disgusted with the amours of the King and Madame de Maintenon, although more decent, and that a secret marriage had rendered them legitimate. It was observed that a love, conceived when both parties were in years, afforded a ridiculous spectacle: moreover, Madame de Maintenon meddled with the affairs of government; and it was when she most interfered with them that things fell into decline, and that Lewis XIV. began to experience misfortunes, which were all laid to her charge.

When the Duke of Orleans, who was Regent, fell in love with Mademoiselle de Sery, he was not censured on account of it. The Duchess of Orleans, natural daughter to the King, was rather beautiful, but she was not amiable; Mademoiselle de Sery, on the contrary, was very much so. She had a son, and it was predicted of him that he would one day become Duke of Dunois. But he did not fulfil what was expected of him; yet he had wit, and was, in many respects, amiable.

In process of time the Regent fell into such an irregularity of conduct, that the public were shocked at it. It was necessary for him to have many other brilliant and estimable qualities to be pardoned so great a defect; but people were so much disposed to indulgence for him, that his affection for Madame de Parabere was approved of, because it was supposed she really loved him, and that he loved her, although he was frequently unfaithful to her.

Exterior decency is generally admired, and princes and

men of distinction ought to do nothing to disgust the public; but, right or wrong, it is but too true, that in the end the public assumes the authority of censuring, without delicacy, every fault: woe to them who are the first objects of gross scandal; they become the victims of its rage: the public judges, and punishes them for it; or at least hoots at, hisses, and despises them; but, when the number of the guilty increase to a certain degree, it is found, that although hisses are sufficient to condemn bad pieces, they are not rods enough for those men who deserve to be lashed; they then become tolerated, nothing more is said, and, what is worse than all, a resolution is sometimes taken to imitate them. It must be acknowledged that the temptation to sin is very great, when we are sure to do it with impunity; and that people are made easy upon this head, when they are sheltered from reproach and ridicule.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

THE great Turenne lies in the abbey of Saint Denis, without any monumental inscription, owing, as it is said, to the jealousy of a monarch, by no means wanting, in other respects, in magnanimity. Bertrand du Guesclin, a hero of earlier times, reposes in the same chapel, in a monument unworthy of the sacred deposit. This warrior, the pride of chivalry, and the glory of France, appears, by the diminutive figure on his tomb, to have been little fitted for the arduous enterprises of war; yet cotemporary historians represent him of an athletic and manly size. The last scene of Guesclin's glorious career is singularly remarkable.

The governor of Rendon, to which he had laid siege, had capitulated, and engaged to give up the place, in case no succour arrived within a certain number of days. Du Guesclin fell ill before this time, and died on the day preceding the expiration of the truce. On the morrow, the governor was summoned to surrender: he kept his word; but as it was to Du Guesclin himself he had given it, he came out attended by the chief officers of the garrison, and going directly to Guesclin's tent, he placed the keys of the town upon the coffin of the breathless hero.

THR DEATH OF ARGYLE.

FROM FOX'S HISTORY OF JAMES THE SECOND.

'Before he left the Castle he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed not only calmly, but even cheerfully, with Mr. Charteris and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bed-chamber, where, it is recorded, that he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him: upon being told that the Earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man who, by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours! Struck with the sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the Castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he flung himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who had been apprised by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, 'No, no, that will not help me; I have been in at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity. But as for me——.' The name of the person to whom this anecdote relates is not mentioned, and the truth of it may therefore be fairly considered as liable to that degree of doubt with which men of judgment receive every species of traditional history. Woodrow, however, whose veracity is above suspicion, says he had it from the most unquestionable authority. It is not in itself unlikely, and who is there that would not wish it true? What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor, in the zenith of his power, envying his victim! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue! what an affecting and forcible testimony of the value of that peace of mind which innocence alone can confer! We know not who this man was; but when we reflect,

that the guilt which agonised him was probably incurred for the sake of some vain title, or, at least, of some increase of wealth, which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion for that very foolish class of men, whom the world calls wise in their generation.

'On the scaffold he embraced his friends, gave some tokens of remembrance to his son-in-law, Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grand-children, stripped himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents, and laid his head upon the block. Having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner, which was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body. Such were the last hours, and such the final close, of this great man's life. May the like happy serenity in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all whom tyranny, of whatever denomination or description, shall, in any age, or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold!'

PHILIP II. KING OF SPAIN.

Count Egmont advised this Prince to break with France, in order to prevent the troubles that were beginning to rise in Flanders. He answered, "I had rather lose all Flanders, than so scandalously violate the agreement I have made with my brother the Most Christian King, and so young as he is too."

On his death-bed he gave his successor this advice:—"Keep your dominions (if possible) in perpetual peace: give them good ministers, rewarding the good and punishing the bad."

He often dissembled those injuries done to him which he either could not or would not revenge; observing, that it was a great part of prudence occasionally to pretend not to be well informed of certain things.

At his first coming to the crown, he ordered his judges, in all doubtful cases between him and any of his subjects, to be always sure to decide against the sovereign.

On receiving the news of the destruction of the celebrated Spanish armada, he merely said, "I sent my fleet

to fight the English, not the winds: the will of God be done!"

Philip was present at an *Auto da Fé*, where several persons were to be burnt for heresy. One of them, Don John de Cesa, as he was passing by him, exclaimed, "Sire, how can you permit so many unfortunate persons to suffer! How can you be witness of so horrid a sight without shuddering!" Philip replied cooly, "If my son, Sir, were suspected of heresy, I should give him up myself to the Inquisition. My detestation of you and of your companions is so great, that I would act myself as your executioner, if no other executioner could be found."

Soon after he had imprisoned his son Don Carlos, he wrote to Pius V. to inform him of it, and to tell him, that Don Carlos, from his earliest youth, had so vicious a ferocity of disposition, that it had even disdained all his paternal instructions.

COUNT OLIVAREZ.

When this minister was once reproached by his sovereign, Philip the Fourth, for not having done for him what Cardinal Richelieu had done for his master Louis XIII. and for having lost him one kingdom, that of Portugal, whilst Richelieu had extended the dominions of Louis; he replied, "The Cardinal, Sire, had no scruples." Olivarez, in one thing, at least, imitated the Cardinal. He caused himself to be styled the Count Duke, because Richelieu had taken the title of the Cardinal Duke. Olivarez seems to have made some wise regulations for his country. He freed from the charge of public offices, for four years, all newly-married men, and exempted from taxation all those persons who had six male children. To increase the population of his country, however, he had recourse to one very dangerous and shameful expedient; he permitted marriages between young people without the consent of their parents. On being displaced from the post of prime minister, he retired to his estate at Loches, where, according to Vittorio Siri, he died entirely of chagrin and disappointment.

LOPE DR VEGA.

It is said, in the history of the life of this writer, that no less than 1800 comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually represented on the Spanish stage. His *Autos Sacramentales* (a kind of sacred drama, exceed 400; besides which there is a collection of his poems of various kinds in 21 vols. 4to.

It is also said, that there was no public success on which he did not compose a panegyric; no marriage of distinction without an epithalamium of his writing, nor child whose nativity he did not celebrate; not a prince died on whom he did not write an elegy; there was no saint for whom he did not produce a hymn; no public holiday that he did not distinguish, no literary dispute at which he did not assist either as secretary or president. He said of himself, that he wrote five sheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to 133,225 sheets. He sometimes composed a comedy in two days, which it would have been difficult for another man to have even copied in the same time. At Toledo he once wrote five comedies in fifteen days, reading them as he proceeded in a private house to Joseph de Valdevieso.

Juan Perez de Montalvan relates, that a comedy being wanted for the carnival at Madrid, Lope and he united to compose one as fast as they could. Lope took the first act and Montalvan the second, which they wrote in two days; and the third act they divided, taking eight sheets each. Montalvan seeing that the other wrote faster than he could, says he rose at two in the morning, and having finished his part at eleven, he went to seek Lope, whom he found in the garden looking at an orange-tree that was frozen; and on inquiring what progress he had made in the verses, Lope replied, "At five I began to write, and finished the comedy an hour ago; since which I have breakfasted, written 150 other verses, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired." He then read to Montalvan the eight sheets and the 150 verses.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

The History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. By T. Clarkson, M. A. 8*vo.* 2 *Vols.* 1808.

The abolition of this infamous traffic, disgraceful to humanity and detestable in the sight of Heaven, was greatly promoted, and, we may add, would not have been effected at all, (certainly not so soon) but for the laborious inquiries and unceasing exertions of Mr. Clarkson. His history of the progress of this great work of benevolence, until its completion under the ministry of the illustrious Charles Fox, will be perused by every man of sensibility with the highest delight, not unmixed with astonishment at the unwearied zeal which, notwithstanding obstacles apparently insurmountable, and the determined opposition of men possessing the highest rank in society and interest in the cabinet, ultimately succeeded in rescuing many millions of our fellow-creatures from the horrors of perpetual slavery. They who are apt to think lightly of public institutions, and academic exercises, will perhaps change their sentiments, when they learn that Mr. Clarkson's attention to this subject was first excited from the information he collected in order to compose a theme for the Bachelor's prize, in 1787, of which this was the subject "*anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare?*" Some manuscript papers of a friend, who had been concerned in the trade, and *Anthony Benezet's Historical Account of Guinea*, were consulted by him on this occasion, and, according to his own account, his mind was powerfully affected by the facts he thus became acquainted with.

'Furnished in this manner, I began my work; but no person can tell the severe trial which the writing of it proved to me. I had expected pleasure from the invention of the arguments, from the arrangement of them, from the putting of them together, and from the thought in the interim that I was engaged in an innocent contest for literary honour. But all my pleasure was damped by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning till night. In the day-time I was uneasy: in the night I had little rest: I sometimes never closed my eye-lids for grief. It became

now not so much a trial for academical reputation, as for the production of a work which might be useful to injured Africa; and keeping this idea in my mind, even after the perusal of Benezet, I always slept with a candle in my room, that I might rise out of bed, and put down such thoughts as might occur to me in the night, if I judged them valuable, conceiving that no arguments of any moment should be lost in so great a cause. Having at length finished this painful task, I sent my essay to the vice-chancellor, and soon afterwards found myself honoured, as before, with the first prize.

'As it is usual to read these essays in the senate-house soon after the prize is adjudged, I was called to Cambridge for this purpose. I went and performed my office. On returning, however, to London, the subject of it almost wholly engrossed my thoughts. I became at times very seriously affected while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally, and dismounted and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself, in these intervals, that the contents of my essay could not be true. The more, however, I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wadesmill, in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf, by the road-side, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that, if the contents of the essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home. This was in the summer of 1785.

'In the course of the autumn of the same year, I experienced similar impressions. I walked frequently into the woods, that I might think on the subject in solitude, and find relief to my mind there. But there the question still recurred, 'Are these things true?' Still the answer followed as instantaneously, 'They are.'—Still the result accompanied it, 'Then surely some person should interfere.' I then began to envy those who had seats in parliament, and who had great riches, and widely-extended connexions, which would enable them to take up this cause. Finding scarcely any one at that time who thought of it, I was turned frequently to myself. But here many difficulties arose. It struck me, among others, that a young man of only twenty-four years of age could not have that solid judgment, that knowledge of men, manners, and things, which were requisite to qualify him to undertake a task of such magnitude and importance.—

And with whom was I to unite? I believed, also, that it looked so much like one of the feigned labours of Hercules, that my understanding would be suspected if I proposed it. On ruminating, however, on the subject, I found one thing at least practicable, and that this also was in my power. I could translate my Latin dissertation;—I could enlarge it usefully;—I could see how the public received it, or how far they were likely to favour any serious measures, which should have a tendency to produce the abolition of the slave trade. Upon this then I determined; and in the middle of the month of November, 1785, I began my work.'

Our scanty limits forbid our following the author through the various toils and difficulties he encountered in his endeavours to promote the grand object which occupied all his thoughts. He had interviews with Fox, Pitt, and Wilberforce, and associated himself with other humane characters, declining no labour, however great, fearing no danger, however imminent, but eagerly embracing every opportunity that seemed to promise the least success to the noble cause in which he was engaged. It was necessary to procure witnesses, whose testimony, as to the kidnapping of Africans, could not be impeached; and it was particularly important to ascertain whether the slaves brought from the villages on the rivers of Calabar and Bonny were not so obtained; since it had been asserted by the anti-abolitionists, that the natives had never suffered a white man in their canoes. Mr. Clarkson was told by a friend, that he had been once in company with a man who had visited these places; but that he knew nothing more of this person than that he belonged to some ship of war in ordinary. Hopeless as appeared the attempt to find out this individual, Mr. Clarkson yet undertook to discover him. His acquaintance with Sir Charles Middleton, then comptroller of the navy, procured him permission to board every ship in ordinary, in the different ports of the kingdom. Furnished in this manner Mr. C. began his journey. He boarded all the ships of war lying in ordinary at Deptford, and examined the different persons in each. From Deptford he proceeded to Woolwich, where he did the same. Thence he hastened to Chatham, and then, down the Medway, to Sheerness. He had now boarded above a hundred and sixty vessels of war. He had found out two good and willing evidences among them; but he could

gain no intelligence of him who was the object of his search.

From Chatham he made the best of his way to Portsmouth-harbour. A very formidable task presented itself here; but the master's boats were ready for him, and he continued his pursuit. On boarding the Pegase, on the second day, he discovered a very respectable person in the gunner of that ship. His name was George Millar. He had been on board the Canterbury slave-ship at the dreadful massacre at Calabar. He was the only disinterested evidence living, of whom Mr. C. had yet heard. He expressed his willingness to give his testimony, if his presence should be thought necessary in London. Mr. C. then continued his pursuit for the remainder of the day. On the next day he resumed and finished it for this quarter. He had now examined the different persons in more than a hundred vessels in this harbour; but he had not discovered the person he went to seek.

Matters now began to look rather disheartening, as far as this grand object was concerned. There was but one other port left, and this was between two and three hundred miles distant. He determined, however, to go to Plymouth. He had already been more successful in this tour, with respect to obtaining general evidence, than in any other of the same length; and the probability was, that as he should continue to move among the same kind of people, his success would be in a similar proportion, according to the number visited. These were great encouragements to him to proceed. At length he arrived at the place of his last hope. On his first day's expedition he boarded forty vessels, but found no one in these who had been on the coast of Africa in the slave trade. One or two had been there in King's ships; but they had never been on shore. Things were now drawing near to a close; and notwithstanding his success, as to general evidence, in this journey, his heart began to beat. He was restless and uneasy during the night. The next morning he felt agitated again between the alternate pressure of hope and fear; and in this state he entered his boat. The fifty-seventh vessel he boarded was the Melampus frigate. One person belonging to it, on examining him in the captain's cabin, said he had been two voyages to Africa; and Mr. C. had not long discoursed with him, before he found, to his inexpressible joy, that he was the man. He found, too, that he unravelled the

question in dispute precisely as inferences had determined it. He had been two expeditions up the river Calabar in the canoes of the natives. In the first of these, they came within a certain distance of a village: they then concealed themselves under the bushes, which hung over the water from the banks. In this position they remained during the daylight; but at night they went up to it armed, and seized all the inhabitants, who had not time to make their escape. They obtained forty-five persons in this manner. In the second, they were out eight or nine days, when they made a similar attempt, and with nearly similar success. They seized men, women, and children, as they could find them in the huts. They then bound their arms, and drove them before them to the canoes. The name of the person thus discovered on board the Melampus was Isaac Parker. On inquiring into his character from the master of the division, Mr. C. found it highly respectable. He found also afterwards that he had sailed with Captain Cook, with great credit to himself, round the world.

He returned now in triumph. He had been out only three weeks, and he had found out this extraordinary person, and five respectable witnesses besides. These, added to the three discovered in the last journey, and to those provided before, made the abolitionists more formidable than at any former period; so that the delay of their opponents, which they had looked upon as so great an evil, proved in the end truly serviceable to the cause.

The fate of the several motions in the House of Commons, in consequence of the partial encouragement the measure met with from the ministry, though supported by Mr. Pitt's eloquence, at length disheartened the committee for the abolition, who, says Mr. C. were reduced to this—"either they must exert themselves without hope, or they must wait till some change should take place in their favour. As far as I myself was concerned, all exertion was then over. The nervous system was almost shattered to pieces. Both my memory and my hearing failed me; sudden dizzinesses seized my head; a confused singing in the ears followed me wherever I went. On going to bed the very stairs seemed to dance up and down under me, so that, misplacing my foot, I sometimes fell. Talking too, if it continued but for half an hour, exhausted me so, that profuse perspirations followed; and the same effect was produced even by an active exertion of the mind

for the like time. These disorders had been brought on by degrees, in consequence of the severe labours necessarily attached to the promotion of the cause. For seven years I had a correspondence to maintain with 400 persons with my own hand. I had some book or other annually to write on behalf of the cause. In this period, I had travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, and a great part of these journeys in the night. All this time my mind had been on the stretch. It had been bent, too, to this one subject; for I had not even leisure to attend to my own concerns. The various instances of barbarity, which had come successively to my knowledge within this period, had vexed, harassed, and afflicted it. The wound, which these had produced, was rendered still deeper by those cruel disappointments before related, which arose from the reiterated refusal of persons to give their testimony, after I had travelled hundreds of miles in quest of them. But the severest stroke was that inflicted by the persecution, begun and pursued by persons interested in the continuance of the trade, of such witnesses as had been examined against them, and whom, on account of their dependent situation in life, it was most easy to oppress. As I had been the means of bringing them forward on these occasions, they naturally came to me, when thus persecuted, as the author of their miseries and their ruin. From their supplications and wants it would have been ungenerous and ungrateful to have fled. These different circumstances, by acting together, had at length brought me into the situation just mentioned; and I was therefore obliged, though very reluctantly, to be borne out of the field, where I had placed the great honour and glory of my life."

Mr. Clarkson retired into the country, and by degrees his health was restored; and now, having lived to witness the long-desired ABOLITION, he waits only, like old Simeon, to *depart in peace*, and receive the reward reserved for so *good and faithful a servant.*

Lives of British Statesmen. By John Macdiarmid, Esq. Author of an Inquiry into the System of National Defence in Great Britain, and of an Inquiry into the Principles of Subordination. 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* *Longman*, 1807.

The indefatigable compiler of these memoirs lived only to complete the biography of Sir Thomas More, Lord Burleigh, Lord Strafford, and Hyde, Earl of Cla-

rendon. Though, in point of composition, there is not much to admire in what he has done, he has collected so many curious and interesting facts concerning those eminent statesmen, that it is to be lamented he had not proceeded further.

Mr. M. has thus explained his plan, and the motives for his adopting it.

"Of the men who have guided the councils of our country, and attained distinguished political eminence, we are desirous to learn many particulars, which would be misplaced in the general annals of a nation. The skilful historian may seize the prominent features of their character, and describe the most important of their public transactions: but numerous anecdotes, both of their public and private life, however interesting, he must leave unrecorded, while a whole people demand his attention. We are solicitous to know the steps by which they ascended to power, the arts by which they retained their stations, the incidents by which they terminated their exalted career. We are pleased to observe them in the more private intercourse of life; to follow them into their families and closets: and to discover how the men, who govern empires, conduct themselves amidst the cares and duties which are common to the humble and exalted.

"Nor is our curiosity alone interested by such information. To those who prepare to tread the same paths, and to gratify their ambition in the discharge of public functions, the progress and transactions of their illustrious predecessors must be the volume in which they are to read the most important lessons. But it is not the statesman by profession who is alone called upon to observe the results of political experience. In this country, where public opinion is possessed of so much sway, the voice even of private individuals may have some influence on the national councils.

"The moral lessons afforded by the career of statesmen demand not less attention. Every one is interested to learn, from such eminent examples, that the lustre of the highest station is derived from the same virtues which embellish private life; and that happiness is most attainable, as well as most secure, when our condition excites not the jealous passions of mankind.

"Such are the views which have guided the author in delineating the Lives of British Statesmen. He has been anxious to derive his information from the most authentic

sources; and to exhibit virtues and defects equally without exaggeration or diminution. He has avoided many opportunities of discussion, where the result did not seem of importance to his immediate objects; but he has occasionally attempted, in the illustration of his subject, to throw light upon some obscure or disputed parts of history. He has endeavoured to select the lives contained in this volume from periods sufficiently distinct to prevent a repetition of the same political transactions; yet sufficiently connected to form a chain of history, without considerable interruptions."

As a specimen of the author's style, we shall transcribe the most interesting passages in the volume, the account of Lord Strafford's execution.

"The day of Strafford's execution threw a brighter lustre over his name than his most memorable transactions. As he quitted the Tower, he looked up to the windows of Laud's apartments, and seeing the aged prelate, who had come to take a last leave of his friend, entreated his prayers and his blessing. The archbishop, lifting up his hands, gave a fervent benediction; and, overcome with the scene, fell motionless on the ground. "Farewell, my lord," cried Strafford, "God protect your innocence." As he passed along to Tower-hill, on which the scaffold was erected, the populace, who eagerly thronged to the spectacle, beheld his noble deportment with admiration. His tall and stately figure, the grave dignified symmetry of his features, corresponded with the general impression of his character: and the mildness, which had taken place of the usual severity of his forehead, expressed repentance enlivened by hope, and fortitude tempered by resignation. In the multitudes around him, he saw nothing to damp his courage, or disturb his composure; the same men who had so lately demanded his death, with turbulent exclamations, now gazed in profound silence on the intrepid victim. He looked upon them with complacence; and, frequently taking off his hat, bowed to them on either hand. In his address to the people from the scaffold, he assured them that he submitted to his sentence with perfect resignation; that, freely, and from his heart, he forgave all the world. 'I speak,' said he, 'in the presence of Almighty God, before whom I stand; there is not a displeasing thought that ariseth in me to any man.' He declared that, however his actions might have been misinterpreted, his intentions had always been upright; that he loved parliaments, that he

was devoted to the constitution and to the church of England: that he ever considered the interests of the king and people as inseparably united; and that, living or dying, the prosperity of his country was his fondest wish. But he expressed his fears that it augured ill for the people's happiness to write the commencement of a reformation in letters of blood. Turning to the friends who attended him on the scaffold, he took a solemn leave; and charged his brother with his blessing and final adieu to his wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'I have nigh done. One stroke will make my wife a widow, my dear children fatherless, deprive my poor servants of their beloved master, and separate me from my affectionate brother and all my friends. But let God be to you, and to them, all in all.' While he disrobed himself, he declared 'that he looked on the approach of death without any apprehension; and that he now laid his head on the block with the same tranquillity as he had laid it on his pillow.' He stretched out his hands as a signal to the executioner; and, at one blow, his head was severed from his body."

It is to be hoped that some equally diligent inquirer will be found to undertake a continuation of this useful work.

The Trial of Major Campbell, for the Murder of Captain Boyd, in a Duel, on the 23d of June, 1807; *with the Evidence in full, the Charge of the Judge, and Details of Major Campbell's last Moments, Execution, &c. &c.* 8*vo.*—*Symonds*, 1808.

Judges and Juries have been usually lenient on the trial of persons who have killed their antagonists in a duel. However moralists may declaim against the custom, it is considered in some instances to be almost unavoidable, and therefore judicial condemnation has seldom been passed upon the offender. The frivolous quarrels, however, which have, of late, led to so many fatal results, needed the interposition of the strong arm of the law; and unfortunately for Major Campbell, though we think happily for civil society, the present case was of such a nature as to forbid any mitigation of the general law against murder. Differing in opinion as to some point of military regulation with a Captain in the same regiment, while at mess, he went home to his family, drank tea, and then, sending for his victim, insisted on his fighting him in a small room, the corners of which were only seven paces asunder, with-

out giving him time to make any family preparation, without witnesses, or previous examination of weapons. These facts appear from the evidence of Lieutenant Macpherson.

" On the evening of the 23d, going up stairs about nine o'clock, he heard, as he thought, Major Campbell say, ' On the word of a dying man, was every thing fair?' He got up before Captain Boyd replied; he said, ' Campbell, you have hurried me—you're a bad man.' Witness was in coloured clothes, and Major Campbell did not know him, but said again, ' Boyd, before this stranger and Lieutenant Hall, was every thing fair?' Captain Boyd replied, ' Oh no, Campbell, you know I wanted you to wait and have friends.' Major Campbell then said, ' Good God, will you mention before these gentlemen, was not every thing fair? did not you say you were ready?' Captain Boyd answered, ' Yes;' but in a moment after said, ' Campbell, you're a bad man.' Captain Boyd was helped into the next room, and Major Campbell followed, much agitated, and repeatedly said to Captain Boyd, that he (Boyd) was the happiest man of the two: ' I am (said Major Campbell) an unfortunate man, but I hope not a bad man.' Major Campbell asked Captain Boyd if he forgave him: he stretched out his hand, and said, ' I forgive you—I feel for you, and I am sure you do for me."

The prisoner was justly found guilty; and though strong family interest was made to save his life, and both the Grand Jury who found the bill, and the Jury upon whose verdict he was condemned, petitioned in his favour, his execution took place on the 24th of August last.

" His deportment, during the whole of the melancholy interval between his condemnation and the day of his execution, was manly but penitent; such as became a Christian towards his approaching dissolution. When he was informed that all efforts to procure a pardon had failed, he was only anxious for the immediate execution of the sentence. He had repeatedly implored that he might be shot; but as this was not suitable to the forms of the common law, his entreaties were of course without success.

" He was led out for execution on Wednesday the 24th of August, just as the clock struck twelve. He was attended by Dr. Bowie, and in the whole of his deportment a pious resignation and a penitent habit of mind were manifested.

" A vast crowd had collected around the scene of the

catastrophe; he surveyed them a moment, then turned his head towards Heaven with a look of prayer.

"As soon as he made his appearance, the whole of the attending guards, and such of the soldiery as were spectators, took off their caps; upon which the Major saluted them in turn. This spectacle was truly distressing, and tears and shrieks burst from several parts of the crowd.

"When the executioner approached to fix the cord, Major Campbell again looked up to Heaven. There was now the most profound silence. The executioner seemed paralyzed whilst performing the last act of his duty.—There was scarcely a dry eye out of so many thousands assembled. The crowd seemed thunder-struck when the unfortunate gentleman was at length turned off. Every aspect wore the traces of grief. Perhaps no case has ever occurred, in which the sympathy of the people was more strong. The soldiery, in particular, were most strongly affected. Many a hard visage was softened by the descending tear.

"After hanging the usual time, the body was put into a hearse in waiting. This melancholy vehicle left the town immediately, to convey the last remains of the unfortunate gentleman to the family depositary at Ayr, in Scotland.

"This catastrophe is rendered still more piteous by the unhappy circumstance, that Mrs. Campbell, who, after incredible fatigues and exertions had reached England, and procured her petition to be delivered into the hands of his Majesty, had indulged her hopes to the last, and left London exactly at such a period of time, as to arrive in Ayr on the same day on which her husband's corpse would necessarily have reached that place."

The Dramatic and Poetical Works of the late Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne, to which are prefixed Memoirs of the Author. 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* 12*s.* *Scatcherd.* 1808.

Of General Burgoyne's dramatic works the *Heiress* is the most considerable, which, supported by fashion, was attractive for a few seasons; but the patronage of fashion being generally as short-lived as it is injudicious, the *Heiress* is now almost forgotten. Burgoyne, however, was a sensible writer, and there are many who entertain the opinion that he was a better Poet than General, and that his *wit* was at least as sharp as his *sword.*

Poetical Tales, founded on Facts. By M. Savory. 4*s.* 12*mo. Darton and Harvey.* 1808.

This author pleads youth and inexperience; these may be admitted as excuses for *writing* bad verses, but not for *publishing* them. In the present case, however, there is little need of apology. The young poet who produces stanzas like the following may proceed without any dread of criticism, and much may be expected from him hereafter.

" On yon tall rock's projecting side,
See where the stripling bends his way,
To hang with rapture o'er the tide,
And tune a sweetly rustic lay.

" Say, what in sportive youth can move
To dwell on nature's varied hue?
What bids his bosom glow with love
And bathes his azure eye in dew?

" What bids him hail the matin strain,
As morn's first blush illumes the vale;
And wake at midnight hour again,
To listen to the nightingale?

" O Genius! 'twas thy strong control,
As o'er his cradle, from on high,
Thou wav'd thy magnet o'er his soul,
And on his lips breath'd harmony.

" Thy magic touch bade fancy rove,
As mind its early charms displayed;
Bade Shakspeare ev'ry passion move,
And Homer on his pillow laid.

" Thou gav'st that fine perceptive sense,
Which throws o'er ev'ry scene its charm;
To joy, will brighter joy dispense,
To grief, more exquisite alarm.

" Ah! dang'rous gift, where bliss appears
But as the morn's first vivid ray,
And grief her mournful aspect rears
Through the long, ling'ring, weary day!

" Yet Siren Genius! still to thee
Thy captive pours the grateful strain,
To thee he bends the willing knee,
With all thy joys, with all thy pain.

" Would Alwin that pure sense forego,
In tranquil apathy to rove?
' Ah! no,' he cries, ' with all thy woe,
O stay and charm me with thy love!'

The germs of true poetry may be discovered in this slight specimen.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE——*Shakspeare.*

EXCULPATION OF RICHARD III.

FROM THE CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST HIM BY DIFFERENT HISTORIANS, AND FOLLOWED BY SHAKSPEARE.

It seems then to me to appear, that Fabian, and the authors of the Chronicle of Croyland, who were contemporaries with Richard, charge him directly with none of the crimes since imputed to him, and disculpate him of others. That John Rous, the third contemporary, could know the facts he alledges but by hearsay, confounds the dates of them, dedicates his work to Henry the Seventh, and is an author to whom no credit is due, from the lies and fables with which his work is stuffed. That we have no authors who lived near the time, but Lancastrian authors, who wrote to flatter Henry the Seventh, or who spread the tales which he invented. That the murder of Prince Edward, son of Henry the Sixth, was committed by King Edward's servants, and is imputed to Richard by no contemporary. That Henry the Sixth was found dead in the Tower; that it was not known how he came by his death; and that it was against Richard's interest to murder him. That the Duke of Clarence was defended by Richard; that the parliament petitioned for his execution; that no author of the time is so absurd as to charge Richard with being the executioner; and that King Edward took the deed wholly on himself. That Richard's stay at York, on his brother's death, had no appearance of a design to make himself king. That the ambition of the queen, who attempted to usurp the government, contrary to the then established custom of the realm, gave the first provocation to Richard and the princes of the blood to assert their rights; and that Richard was solicited by the Duke of Buckingham to vindicate those rights. That the preparation of an armed force under Earl Rivers, the seizure of the tower and treasure, and the equipment of a fleet, by the Marquis Dorset, gave occasion to the princes to imprison the relations of the queen; and that, though they were put to death without trial, (the only cruelty which is *proved* on

Richard,) it was consonant to the manners of that barbarous and turbulent age, and not till after the queen's party had taken up arms. That the execution of Lord Hastings, who had first engaged with Richard against the queen, and whom Sir Thomas More confesses Richard was *loth to lose*, can be accounted for by nothing but absolute necessity, and the law of self-defence. That Richard s assumption of the protectorate was in every respect agreeable to the laws and usage; was probably bestowed on him by the universal consent of the council and peers, and was a strong indication that he had then no thought of questioning the right of his nephew. That the tale of Richard aspersing the chastity of his own mother is incredible; it appearing that he lived with her in perfect harmony, and lodged with her in her palace at that very time. That it is as little credible that Richard gained the crown by a sermon of Dr. Shaw, and a speech of the Duke of Buckingham, if the people only laughed at those orators. That there had been a precontract or marriage between Edward the Fourth and Lady Eleanor Talbot*; and that Richard's claim to the crown was founded on the illegitimacy of Edward's children. That a convention of the nobility, clergy, and people, invited him to accept the crown on that title. That the ensuing parliament ratified the act of the convention, and confirmed the bastardy of Edward's children. That nothing can be more improbable than Richard's having taken no measures before he left London to have his nephews murdered, if he had had any such intention. That the story of Sir James Tirrel, as related by Sir Thomas More, is a notorious falsehood; Sir James Tirrel being at that time master of the horse, in which capacity he had walked at Richard's coronation. That Tirrel's jealousy of Sir Richard Ratcliffe is another palpable falsehood; Tirrel being already preferred, and Ratcliffe absent. That all that relates to Sir Robert Brakenbury is no less false: Brakenbury either being too good a man to die for a tyraut or murderer, or too bad a man to have refused being his accomplice. That Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon both confess that many doubted whether the two princes were murdered in Richard's days or not; and it certainly never was proved that they were murdered by Richard's order. That Sir Thomas

* Or Butler, by marriage.

More relied on nameless and uncertain authority: that it appears bydates and facts that his authorities were bad and false; that if Sir James Tirrel and Dighton had really committed the murder and confessed it, and if Perkin Warbeck had made a voluntary, clear, and probable confession of his imposture, there could have remained no doubt of the murder. That Green, the nameless page, and Will Slaughter, having never been questioned about the murder, there is no reason to believe what is related of them in the supposed tragedy. That Sir James Tirrel not being attainted on the death of Richard, but having, on the contrary, been employed in great services by Henry the Seventh, it is not probable that he was one of the murderers. That Lord Bacon owning that Tirrel's confession did not please the king so well as Dighton's; that Tirrel's imprisonment and execution some years afterwards for a new treason, of which we have no evidence, and which appears to have been mere suspicion, destroy all probability of his guilt in the supposed murder of the children. That the impunity of Dighton, if really guilty, was scandalous; and can only be accounted for on the supposition of his being a false witness to serve Henry's cause against Perkin Warbeck. That the silence of the two archbishops, and Henry's not daring to specify the murder of the princes in the act of attainder against Richard, wears all the appearance of their not having been murdered. That Richard's tenderness and kindness to the Earl of Warwick, proceeding so far as to proclaim him his successor, betrays no symptom of that cruel nature which would not stick at assassinating any competitor. That it is indubitable that Richard's first idea was to keep the crown but till Edward the Fifth should attain the age of twenty-four. That with this view he did not create his own son Prince of Wales till after he had proved the bastardy of his brother's children. That there is no proof that those children were murdered. That Richard made, or intended to make, his nephew, Edward the Fifth, walk at his coronation. That there is strong presumption, from the parliament-roll and from the Chronicle of Croyland, that both princes were living some time after Sir Thomas More fixes the date of their deaths. That when his own son was dead, Richard was so far from intending to get rid of his wife, that he proclaimed his nephews, first the Earl of Warwick, and then the Earl of Lincoln, his heirs

apparent. That there is not the least probability of his having poisoned his wife, who died of a languishing distemper: that no proof was ever pretended to be given of it; that a bare supposition of such a crime, without proofs or very strong presumptions, is scarce ever to be credited. That he seems to have had no intention of marrying his niece, but to have amused her with the hopes of that match, to prevent her marrying Richmond. That Buck would not have dared to quote her letter as extant in the Earl of Arundel's library, if it had not been there: that others of Buck's assertions having been corroborated by subsequent discoveries, leave no doubt of his veracity on this; and that letter disculpates Richard from poisoning his wife; and only shews the impatience of his niece to be queen. That it is probable the queen dowager knew her second son was living, and connived at the appearance of Lambert Simnel, to feel the temper of the nation. That Henry VII. certainly thought that she and the Earl of Lincoln were privy to the existence of Richard Duke of York, and that Henry lived in terror of his appearance. That the different conduct of Henry, with regard to Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, implies how different an opinion he had of them; that, in the first case, he used the most natural and most rational methods to prove him an impostor; whereas his whole behaviour in Perkin's case was mysterious, and betrayed his belief or doubt that Warbeck was the true Duke of York. That it was morally impossible for the Duchess of Burgundy, at the distance of twenty-seven years, to instruct a Flemish lad so perfectly in all that had passed in the court of England, that he would not have been detected in a few hours. That she could not inform him, nor could he know, what had passed in the tower, unless he was the true Duke of York. That if he was not the true Duke of York, Henry had nothing to do but to confront him with Tirrel and Dighton, and the imposture must have been discovered. That Perkin, never being confronted with the queen-dowager, and the princesses her daughters, proves that Henry did not dare to trust to their acknowledging him. That if he was not the true Duke of York, he might have been detected by not knowing the queens and princesses, if shewn to him, without his being told who they were. That it is not pretended that Perkin ever failed in language, accent, or circumstances; and that his likeness to Edward the Fourth is al-

lowed. That there are gross and manifest blunders in his pretended confession. That Henry was so afraid of not ascertaining a good account of the purity of his English accent, that he makes him learn English twice over. That Lord Bacon did not dare to adhere to this ridiculous account; but forges another, though, in reality, not much more credible. That a number of Henry's best friends, as the Lord Chamberlain, who placed the crown on his head, knights of the garter, and men of the fairest characters, being persuaded that Perkin was the true Duke of York, and dying for that belief, without recanting, makes it very rash to deny that he was so. That the proclamation in Rymer's Fœdera against Jane Shore, for plotting with the Marquis Dorset, not with Lord Hastings, destroys all the credit of Sir Thomas More, as to what relates to the latter peer.

In short, that Henry's character, as we have received it from his own apologists, is so much worse and more hateful than Richard's, that we may well believe Henry invented and propagated by far the greater part of the slanders against Richard: that Henry, not Richard, probably put to death the true Duke of York, as he did the Earl of Warwick; and that we are not certain whether Edward the Fifth was murdered; nor, if he was, by whose order he was murdered.

After all that has been said, it is scarce necessary to add a word on the supposed discovery that was made of the skeletons of the two young princes, in the reign of Charles the Second. Two skeletons found in that dark abyss of so many secret transactions, with no marks to ascertain the time, or the age of their interment, can certainly verify nothing. We must believe both princes died there, before we can believe that their bones were found there: and upon what that belief can be founded, or how we shall cease to doubt whether Perkin Warbeck was not one of those children, I am at a loss to guess.

As little is it requisite to argue on the grants made by Richard the Third to his supposed accomplices in that murder, because the argument will serve either way. It was very natural that they, who had tasted most of Richard's bounty, should be suspected as the instruments of his crimes. But till it can be proved that those crimes were committed, it is in vain to bring evidence to show who assisted him in perpetrating them. Indeed one knows not what to think of the death of Edward the Fifth: one can neither entirely acquit Richard of it, nor condemn

him; because there are no proofs on either side; and though a court of justice would, from that defect of evidence, absolve him; opinion may fluctuate backwards and forwards, and at last remain in suspense.

For the younger brother, the balance seems to incline greatly on the side of Perkin Warbeck, as the true Duke of York; and if one was saved, one knows not how nor why to believe that Richard destroyed only the elder.

We must leave this whole story dark, though not near so dark as we found it; and it is perhaps as wise to be uncertain on one portion of our history, as to believe so much as is believed in all histories, though very probably as falsely delivered to us as the period which we have here been examining.

O'KEEFE'S "PATRICK IN PRUSSIA."

THE principal incident in this laughable little Opera was suggested by the following Anecdote of the great King of Prussia:—

The King used to dress in so plain a manner, that, when he travelled about his states, such of his subjects as did not know him treated him with no other respect than they would an ordinary man. Once, as he was riding about Berlin, without attendants, and very plainly clad, he perceived a young woman digging in the fields, of a gigantic stature, being near seven feet high. It is well known that the King had a particular predilection for tall men; and as his greatest passion lay that way, he spared no expense to procure them from all parts of Europe, for forming, as he did, his regiment of giants and grenadiers out of them. At sight of this tall woman, he imagined that a couple of the kind must produce very large children. He dismounted, and, coming up to the peasant, entered into conversation with her, and was overjoyed to hear that she was but nineteen years old, still a virgin, and that her father was a shoemaker. Hereupon he sat down, and wrote the following note to the Colonel of his guards:

'You are to marry the bearer of this nute with the tallest of my grenadiers. Take care that the ceremony be performed immediately, and in your presence. You must be responsible to me for the execution of this order. 'Tis absolute; and the least delay will make you criminal in my sight.'

The King gave this letter to the young woman, without informing her of its contents, and ordered her to deliver

it punctually according to the directions, and not to fail, as it was on an affair of great consequence; he afterwards made her a handsome present, and continued his route.

The young woman, who had not the least imagination that it was the King that spoke to her, believing it was indifferent whether the letter was delivered by another, so it came safe to hand, made a bargain with an old woman, whom she charged with the commission, laying an express injunction on her to say that she had it from a man of such a garb and mien. The old woman faithfully executed her message. The Colonel, surprised at the contents of the letter, could not reconcile them with the age and figure of the bearer; yet, the order being peremptory, he thought he could not without danger recede from obeying, and fancied that his master wanted to punish the soldier for some misdemeanor by matching him in so disagreeable a manner. In short the marriage was celebrated before him, to the great regret of the grenadier; whilst the old woman, exulting with joy, assumed an air of the highest satisfaction.

Some time after, the King, on his return to Berlin, was eager to see the couple he had ordered to be married. When presented to him, he fell into a very desperate passion. The Colonel in vain endeavoured to justify himself, and the King was implacable till the old woman confessed the truth, finishing her tale by raising her eyes to Heaven, and thanking Providence for conferring on her a benefit the more signal and acceptable to her as unexpected.

HUMOUROUS EPILOGUES AFTER TRAGEDIES.

The custom of introducing humorous epilogue, farce, and buffoonery, after the mind has been agitated, softened, or sublimed by tragic scenes, has been often objected to.

It hath been said in its favour, that five long acts is a portion of time sufficiently long to keep the attention fixed on melancholy objects; that human life has enough of real, without calling in the aid of artificial distress; that it is cruel to send home an audience with all the affecting impressions of a deep tragedy on their minds.

In reply, it has been observed, that it is degrading and untrue to describe the human species as incapable of receiving gratification only from comic scenes; that *there is a luxury in woe*, independent of its purifying the bosom and suppressing the more ignoble passions.

The supporters of this opinion have also added, that

there is a species of depravity in endeavouring by ludicrous mummery to efface the salutary effects of pathetic, virtuous, and vigorous sentiments; that it is sporting with the sympathies of our nature, repugnant to correct taste and counteracting moral utility.

This violation of the law of gentle and gradual contrasts, has been felt and complained of by most frequenters of a modern theatre, and well-authenticated instances have been produced of guilty men retiring from a well-written and well-acted play to repentance and melioration.

An epilogue has been composed by Mr. Sheridan, in support of these opinions, superior in pathos, poetry, and practical deduction, to any I ever read: it was originally spoken by Mrs. Yates, after the performance of Semiramis, a tragedy translated from the French.

Dishevell'd still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?
No, beauteous mourners! from whose downcast eyes
The muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice;
Whose gentle bosoms, pity's altars, bear
The crystal incense of each falling tear!
There lives the poet's praise; no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!

When general plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before;
Tho' ruder spirits love th' accustom'd jest,
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast;
Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tints retain——
The sigh gives pleasure, and the jest is pain:
Scarce have they smiles to honour grace or wit,
Tho' Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ.

Thus, through the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;
Tho' ev'ry coarser stem of forest birth
Throws with the morning beam it's dews to earth,
Ne'er does the gentle rose revive so soon,
But, bath'd in nature's tears, it drops till noon.

O could the Muse one simple moral teach,
From scenes like these, which all who hear might reach;
Thou child of sympathy, whoe'er thou art,
Who with Assyria's queen hast wept thy part;
Go search where keener woes demand relief,
Go, while thy heart yet beats with fancy'd grief;
Thy breast, still conscious of the recent sigh,
The graceful tear still ling'ring on the eye;
Go, and on real misery bestow
The blest effusion of fictitious woe.
So shall our Muse, supreme of all the nine;
Deserve indeed the title of Divine,
Virtue shall own her favour'd from above,
And Pity greet her with a sister's love.

SPRANGER BARRY.

Barry was in his person above five feet eleven inches high, finely formed, and possessing a countenance in which manliness and sweetness of feature were so happily blended, as formed one of the best imitations of the *Apollo Belvidere.* With this fine commanding figure, he was so much in the free and easy management of his limbs, as never to look encumbered, or present an ungraceful attitude, in all his various movements on the stage. Even his *exits* and his *entrances* had peculiar graces, from their characteristic ease and simplicity *. In short, when he appeared in the scene, grouped with other actors of ordinary size, he appeared as much above them in his various qualifications as in the proud superiority of his figure.

> " So when a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
> " All eyes are idly bent on him who follows next."

To this figure he added a voice so peculiarly musical, as, very early in life, obtained him the character of " The Silver-toned Barry ;" which, in all his love scenes, (lighted up by the smiles of such a countenance,) was persuasion itself. Indeed, so strongly did he communicate his feelings on these occasions, that, whoever observed the expressive countenances of most of the female parts of his audience, each seemed to say, in the language of Desdemona, " Would *that Heaven had made me such a man !*" Yet, with all this softness, it was capable of the fullest extent of rage, which he often most powerfully exemplified, in several passages of Alexander, Orestes, Othello, &c. &c.

We are aware of Churchill's criticism in the Rosciad standing against us, where he says, " his voice comes forth like Echo from her shell." But however *party* might have cried up this writer as a Poet and a Satirist of the first order, Goldsmith had the sense and manliness to tell them,

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* What must have greatly assisted Barry, in the grace and ease of treading the stage, was his skill in dancing and fencing ; the first of which he was early in life very fond of ; and on his coming to England again instructed in, under the care of the celebrated Denoyer, dancing-master to Frederick Prince of Wales s family. This was done at the Prince's request, after he had seen him play Lord Townly, in the Provok'd Husband.

" what they called satires were but tawdry lampoons, whose turbulence aped the quality of force, whose phrenzy that of fire*." Beside, Churchill had a stronger motive than prejudice or whim: the great hero of his poem was Garrick; and as Barry was his most formidable rival, he had little scruple to sacrifice him on this occasion.

But, to leave the criticisms of this literary Drawcansir to that oblivion to which they seem to be rapidly hastening, let us examine the merits of Barry in some of those characters in which he was universally allowed to excel; and, on this scale, we must give the preference to *Othello*. This was the first character he ever appeared in—the first his inclinations prompted him to attempt—and the first, without question, that exhibited his genius in the full force and variety of its powers.

In the outset of Othello, when he speaks but a few short sentences, there appears a calmness and dignity in his nature, as evidently shew " the noble qualities of the Moor." These sentences we have often heard spoken (and by actors too who have had considerable reputation) as if they had been almost totally overlooked; reserving themselves for the more shining passages with which this tragedy so much abounds: but Barry knew the value of these introductory traits of character, and in his very first speech, " *'Tis better as it is*," bespoke such a pre-eminence of judgment, such a dignified and manly forbearance of temper, as roused the attention of his audience, and led them to expect the fullest gratification of their wishes.

His speech to the senate was a piece of oratory worthy the attention of the critic and the senator. In the recital of his " feats of broils and battles," the courage of the soldier was seen in all the charms of gallantry and heroism; but when he came to those tender ejaculations of Desdemona,

> " In faith 'twas strange—'twas passing strange!
> 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful!"

his voice was so melodiously harmonized to the expression, that the sigh of pity communicated itself to the whole house, and all were advocates for the sufferings of the fair heroine.

In the second act, when he meets Desdemona at Cy-

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* See Goldsmith's Dedication to the Traveller.

prus, after being separated in a storm, his rushing into her arms, and repeating that fine speech,

> ——"Oh! my soul's joy!
> If after every tempest come such calms," &c.

was the voice of love itself; describing that passion in so ecstatic a manner as seemingly justified his fears

> "That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate."

Through the whole of the third act, where Iago is working him to jealousy, his breaks of *love* and *rage* were master-pieces of nature, and communicated its first sympathies: but in his conference with Desdemona, in the fourth act, where he describes the agonizing state of his mind, and then, looking tenderly on her, exclaims,

> "But there, where I had garnered up my heart,
> Where either I must live, or bear no life,"

the extremes of love and misery were so powerfully painted in his face, and so impressively given in his tones, that the audience seemed to lose the *energies of their hands*, and could only thank him *with their tears.*

We have to lament, that in many of the last acts of some of our best dramatic writers, there wants that degree of finish and grouping equal to the rest. Shakspeare sometimes has this want in common with others; but in this play he has lost none of his force and propriety of character—here all continue to speak the language of their conformation, and lose none of their original importance. Barry was an actor that, in this particular, kept pace with the great poet he represented—he supported Othello throughout with unabating splendour—his ravings over the dead body of his *innocent* Desdemona, his reconciliation with Cassio, and his dying soliloquy, were all in the full play of varied excellence, and forced from the severest critic the most unqualified applause.

That this our opinion is not exaggerated, we refer to that of Colley Cibber, an unquestionable good judge of his art, and who, with all his partialities to Betterton, yet gave Barry the preference in Othello. In short, it was from first to last a gem of the noblest kind, which can be no otherwise defined than leaving every one at liberty to attach as much excellence to it as he can conceive, and then suppose Barry to have reached that point of perfection.

His other favourite characters were, Jaffier, Orestes, Castalio, Phocias, Varannes, Essex, Alexander, Romeo, &c. &c. In all characters of this stamp, where the lover or hero was to be exhibited, Barry was *unique;* insomuch, that when Mrs. Cibber (whose reputation for love and plaintive tenderness was well known) played with Garrick, she generally represented his *daughter* or *sister*—with Barry she was always his *mistress*.

He likewise excelled in many parts of genteel comedy; such as Lord Townly, Young Beville, &c. &c. The Bastard, in King John, was another fine character of his, which Garrick attempted in vain—having neither sufficiency of figure, or heroic jocularity. To that may be added Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in Macklin's farce of Love-a-la-Mode; a part in which he gave such specimens of the gallant simplicity and integrity of the *Irish Gentleman*, as were sufficient to establish an independent reputation.

Though his Hamlet, Richard, Lear, Macbeth, &c. were *star-height* above what we see now, he lost by a comparison with Garrick; here the latter shewed the *master* in an uncommon degree; as he did in all the quick animated parts of tragedy. In the sprightly light kind of gentlemen, Garrick had likewise the advantage; and in the whole range of low comedy he blended such a knowledge of his art with the simplicity of nature as made all the minutiæ of the picture complete. Thus his *Abel Drugger* was as perfect in design and colouring as the mi eries and distresses of *Royal Lear*.

In talking of these actors, it is impossible for the *amateurs* of the stage not to regret their loss with some degree of sensibility—not only as men who contributed to the entertainment and refinement of their youth, but whose deaths seem to threaten a decay of the profession itself.—There are periods when the arts and sciences seem to mourn in sullen silence the departure of those original geniusses, who, for years, improved, exalted, and refined them; and like widows, whose hearts were sincerely pledged to their first lords, will not sacrifice on the altar of affection to *secondary wooers*. Painting and statuary suffered such a loss in the deaths of *Titian*, *Raphael*, and *Michael Angelo*, that more than two centuries have not been able to supply it; and how long the *present stage* may want the aid of such powerful supporters as *Garrick* and *Barry*, the experience of near thirty years holds out but very little hopes of encouragement. SENEX.

POETRY.

THE BATTLE OF BAYLEN.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

Roll, Andugar *—roll thy flood,
Dy'd of old with Moorish blood!
Swell thy tide!
Flow with pride!
Flow for ever famed in story.
Lo! again thy banks are spread
With our foes:—the vanquish'd dead
Weltering lie all pale and gory.

Umbla † saw in strange affright,
By the moon's uncertain light,
In thy stream
Helmets gleam.
Baylen heard the tempest rattle.
Horse to horse, and man to man,
Ere the dawn the charge began,
To the brazen roar of battle.

As the wint'ry torrent sweeps
Down *Morena's* ‡ ravag'd steeps,
Rush'd the foe,
To overthrow,
Spain, the bulwarks of thy glory:
As old *Calpé* || braves the flood,
Our unshaken phalanx stood;
Brothers, sons, and fathers hoary.

Allentejo, with the shock,
Felt her vine-clad summits rock.
Gueva's vale,
Hill and dale,
Trembled with the mighty motion.
Guadalquiver's current fled
Swiftly from her troubled bed,
Foaming like the angry ocean.

---

* Andugar, a winding river which passes through the city of the same name, and near to Baylen.

† Umbla, a commanding eminence near the scene of action.

‡ The mountains called the Sierra Morena.

|| Calpe, the Rock of Gibraltar.

Falchion, pike, and bayonet,
Smote, and pierc'd, and clashing met
On the plain,
Strew'd with slain,
Charg'd with Fate's avenging power,
Through the fleeting shades of night,
Flash'd the vollied blaze of light;
Fell, like hail, the deadly shower.

O'er groves, and fields, and mountains blue,
On rosy pinions morning flew.
Broad and bright
Stream'd the light,
The golden face of day unveiling:
In darkness still the conflict lay;
The dismal war-field's grim array,
A sullen cloud of smoke concealing.

Their whirlwind rage five times we stood,
And stemm'd the whelming battle-flood.
Still amain,
O'er the plain,
Roll'd the hostile peals of thunder:
Afar the wild bull cow'ring fled;
And man and steed recoil'd in dread;
Earth shook, and rifted rocks asunder.

Long and bloody was the strife.
Trumpet, drum, and shrilling fife,
Groans and cries
Pierc'd the skies;
Death's loud organ swell'd the chorus.
Raging like a stream of fire,
Burst our old *Iberian* ire,
Fast consuming all before us.

Weep, ye hapless maids of Gaul!
Weep your absent lover's fall!
In despair
Rend your hair!

Weep beside your willowy fountains!
Wan, beneath the frowning sky,
Gash'd with wounds, they vanquish'd lie,
On our Andalusian mountains.

The wolf at midnight laps their blood:
Their limbs shall glut the eagle's brood.
Tyrant! haste
To the feast.
Erect thy crest: be bloodier, bolder!
Behold thy conquest! claim thy spoil!
Thy heroes *shall possess our soil:*
Yes—*there they shall unburied moulder.*

MR. CONDUCTOR,

In looking over the "Remains" of the amiable Henry Kirke White, I discovered, at p. 141 of the second volume, a Fragment, which, from the construction of the first stanza and part of the second, I am forcibly induced to believe, was intended for a Sonnet. I have, therefore, *presumed* to complete it, adding to the first part, the word *devious*. Every other alteration, or rather every addition, is marked in Italics. I trust my temerity will not derogate from the beauties of the original. Your most obedient Servant,

October 8, 1808 *——*

SONNET.

I.

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Thro' what sad scenes his devious path may lie!
Ah! who can give to others' woes his sigh,
Secure his own will never need it too!
Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan, with thoughtful eye,
The illusive past, and dark futurity;
Soon will they know *stern disappointment's true!*

II.

Let them continue in the pleasant road,
Where Fortune seems so redolently fair;
Too soon they'll find it leads to the abode
Of Sorrow, Pain, Uncertainty, and Care!
Then, tracing well the future and the past,
They may reflect! and turn to Heaven at last!

8th October, 1808. *——*

QUATORZAIN.

INSCRIBED TO MISS SARAH MORGAN, OF YATTON-COURT, HEREFORDSHIRE.

I hate the pompous architectural pile,
The massive columns and the fine-wrought gate;
I hate the courtezan's delusive smile,
And all the gorgeous trappings of the great:
But dear to me is the sequester'd spot
Where Zephyr gambols in the sunny glare;
Where rears its head the unassuming cot,
For native Innocence sojourneth there!
Far more delightful is th' "unvarnish'd tale"
Than the smooth jargon of the squeamish throng:
And far more sweet is Philomela's wail
Than Catalani's meretricious song:
But trebly dear must ev'ry pleasure prove
When Friendship listens to the plaints of Love!

Grafton-street, 3d Oct. 1808. HORATIO.

SONNET.

From the bland concave of a sky serene,
Mild shone the pensive regent of the night;
And as I wander'd o'er the mountains green,
Thy features, Sarah! glanc'd before my sight!

Below me roll'd the rivulet along,
While gentle Zephyrs on its margent lay;
All round was mute, save little Ariel's song,
That died in "mingled melodies" away!

"Now is the Season—said I to my soul—
"For noble, serious, philosophic ken;
"Now Fancy, loosen'd from the world's controul,
"Can leave the dreary solitudes of men,
"To seek those spheres, where, lost in sweet surprise,
"Thy Spirit, Blackshaw! strikes her ravish'd eyes!"

Grafton-street, 23d Sept. 1808. HORATIO.

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW TRADITIONARY PLAY, ENTITLED "THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE,"

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

WRITTEN BY LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON, ESQ.

SROKEN BY MR. PUTNAM.

With anxious mind, with agitated breast,
By ev'ry terror forcibly impress'd,
Our Bard to-night, exalted in his views,
Resigns the comic for the serious muse;
Beneath her banner variously displays
Passion's mere spark extended to a blaze;
While moral ardour kindles into birth
The firm in honour, and the pure in worth!
Here Virtue hails, contending claims above,
The tear of Pity on the cheek of Love!

Our Bard no longer treads on Fairy land,
Where Fancy, like a despot, holds command;
No longer now endeavours to excite
I deal grief, and fabulous delight;
Still less attempts, with vigour, to transmit
Wit strong as genius, genius bright as wit;
While learning rears, with animated haste,
Reviving elegance, and rescued taste.
He simply offers, unadorn'd by art,
One touch of Nature on a gen'rous heart *.
Though pageantry, though magic, he forsake,
Though "*Sleeping Beauties*" here no longer wake,
Yet shall it still decidedly appear,
That Love, when noble, never slumbers here.

Hearts like your own with clemency can feel;
To hearts so gifted now we make appeal;
Each party then shall equal pleasure share,
He that solicits mercy, You that spare.

---

* This is an allusion to the character of Miesco.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE

SEPTEMBER.

27 Mysterious Bride (4th time). Three and the Deuce. Justice Touchit, Mr. Penley; Peregrine Single, Mr. Elliston; Pertinax Single, Mr. Elliston; Percival Single, Mr. Elliston; Humphrey Grizzle, Mr. Mathews; Frank, Mr. De Camp. Emily, Miss Boyce; Phœbe, Mrs. Mathews; Taffline, Mrs. Bland.

29. Wonder. Isabella (1st time), Miss Boyce; Flora (1st time) Miss Mellon. (Never Acted) THE FORTUNE TELLER. The Overture and Music by Mr. Reeve. The Characters by Messrs. Bannister, Wewitzer, Mathews, Gibbon, Smith, Powell, Penley; Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Bland.

OCTOBER.

1. Rule a Wife. Leon, (1st time) Mr. Elliston.—Weathercock.

4. Rivals. Captain Absolute, Faulkland, and Mrs. Malaprop, (1st time) by Mr. Elliston, Mr. Siddons, and Mrs. Sparks. Lydia Languish, Mrs. Orger, (from Edinburgh; her 1st appearance on this stage).—No Song No Supper.

6. The World.—Deserter. Henry, (1st time) Mr. I. Smith; Louisa, Mrs Corri (her 2d appearance on any stage).

8. Rule a Wife—Ella Rosenberg.

10. Romeo and Juliet. Romeo, Mr. Elliston; Mercutio, Mr. Bannister.—Three and the Deuce.

11. All in the Wrong—Caractacus.

13. Rivals—Caractacus.

15. Inconstant—Three and the Deuce.

17. Busy Body.—(Not acted for 5 years.) Blue Beard. Abomelique, Mr. Raymond; Ibrahim, Mr. Mathews; Selim, Mr. I. Smith; Shacabac, Mr. Bannister, Hassan, Mr. Penley; Fatima, Mrs. Mountain; Irene, Miss Lyon; Beda, Mrs. Bland.

18. West-Indian—Blue Beard.

20. Beggar's Opera. Macheath, Mr. Johnstone; Lucy, (1st time) Mrs. Bland.—Blue Beard.

22. The Stranger. Stranger, Steinfort, and Peter, (1st time) Messrs. Elliston, Holland, and Mathews; Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Mudie, (from Windsor; her first appearance on this stage); Countess, (1st time) Miss Boyce.—Ib.

24. A Bold Stroke for a Wife—Ib.

25. Constant Couple. Colonel Standard, Mr. Putnam; Angelica, Miss Ray.—Ib.

26. Inconstant.—Ib.

Sept 27. The *Mysterious Bride* was roughly treated this evening, and Mr. Russell, who advanced to speak the Epilogue, could not prevail on the audience to listen to him; although the play was acted three or four times last season, on benefit nights, with vast applause: such is the caprice of public opinion! The *Three and the Deuce*, which followed it, is another instance of it. It has been twice damned; on its original representation at the Haymarket, and afterwards on its revival at Drury-Lane; and now it is received with reiterated shouts of applause. What may have effected this change we know not, unless it be the acting of Elliston, which is, in truth, exquisite.

29. The *Fortune Teller*. The following are the *Dramatis Personæ*:

Lordly,	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
Joe,	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
Blackthorn,	-	-	Mr. Maddocks.
Edward,	-	-	Mr. Gibbon.
Francis,	-	-	Mr. Powell.
Trigger,	-	-	Mr. Mathews.
Charles,	-	-	Mr. G. Smith.
Lady Worthland,	-	-	Mrs. Mountain.
Margery,	-	-	Mrs. Bland.

SKETCH OF THE FABLE.

Lady Worthland, becoming heiress of a large estate on the death of her uncle, and having heard, by her father's steward, *James*, of the ill conduct of *Lordly*, superintendant of the manor, towards the tenantry, resolves in disguise to pass some time on the estate before she publicly claims it. Under the character of a poor relative of *Francis*, she is placed in the family of *Blackthorn*, an honest farmer; an attachment takes place between her and *Edward Blackthorn*, son of the farmer, a youth of polished manners. She endeavours to conquer her passion and reject his suit. In consequence of which he enlists in the army. The Lady relenting, determines to visit the camp, which is formed near her domains, under the feigned character of a *Fortune Teller*, in hopes to prove the sincerity of her lover.—In this she succeeds, and contrives to have a commission conveyed to him; this occasions his visiting his father's cottage.

Lordly, a wealthy, proud, and overbearing man, wishes to procure the lady's hand for his son *Joe*, an illiterate booby, who disregards his father's mandates, being more inclined to vulgar sports and the company of clowns—*Lordly* unwarrantably dismisses *Blackthorn* from his farm, pretending it is the order of *Lady Worthland*, who now appears in her real character—*Edward*, as his father's representative, waits on the lady to express their submission to her will—an explanation takes place—*Lordly* is disappointed, and the lady presents her hand to *Edward*.

It is to be lamented that such charming music as Mr. Reeve has composed for this piece should have found so bad a vehicle: but we hope it will still delight the public ear through a more amusing and fortunate channel. The managers, who kept back the Opera for two or three seasons, no doubt predicted the poor *Fortune Teller's* fate. The piece was dismissed from the boards on the first performance.

OCTOBER

4. Mrs Orger has a pretty person, of which she is not unconscious; but her theatrical talents are below mediocrity. We are yet willing to believe that she may appear to better advantage in some other character. Captain Absolute has not had so good a representative since Palmer.

6. Mr. I. Smith, who performed a few nights last season, again came forward as *Henry*, in the *Deserter*, and was most favourably received. Mrs. Corri's *Louisa* cannot so safely be commended.

22. Mrs. Mudie will repeat the character of Mrs. Haller. She may be in fuller possession of her powers on a second performance; and, as we wish to judge as favourably of her as possible, our remarks shall, for the present, be suspended.

KING'S THEATRE (COVENT GARDEN COMPANY).

SEPTEMBER.

26. Douglas Glenalvon, Mr. Barrymore.—Rosina. Rosina, (1st time) Miss Bolton

28. Beggar's Opera—Portrait of Cervantes.

30. Grecian Daughter—Poor Soldier.

OCTOBER.

3. Macbeth—Portrait of Cervantes.

5. Hamlet—Quaker. Steady, Mr. Bellamy.

7. Stranger—NEVER ACTED; A New Romantic Melo-drama, in two acts, called The Forest of Hermanstadt; or, Princess and No Princess. The Overture and Music by Mr Jouve; the action of the Melo-drama under the direction of Mr. Farley. The characters by Messrs. Thompson, Brunton, Farley, Blanchard, Liston, Chapman, Jefferies, King, W. Murray; Mrs H. Johnston, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Davenport. The dances by Master Oscar Byrne, (his 1st appearance these two years) and the Misses Adams.

10. Macbeth—Ib.

12. Hamlet—Ib.

13. Man of the World. Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Mr. Cooke —Ib.

14. Stranger—Ib.

17. Macbeth—Ib.

19 Merchant of Venice. Portia (1st time) Miss Norton.

20. Gamester—Who Wins?

21. John Bull—Portrait of Cervantes.

24. Richard III.—Poor Soldier.

25. Mourning Bride—Flitch of Bacon.

26. Man of the World—We Fly by Night.

The managers of Covent Garden lost no time in securing this theatre for their performances, and on the 26th of September it opened with *Douglas* and *Rosina*. The house was completely filled, with the exception of the private boxes, which can only be opened by consent of individual proprietors. Previous to the tragedy, Mr. Kemble came forward, and was of course received with a burst of applause from every part of the theatre. His address was to the following effect:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am so oppressed by my feelings and gratitude for the reception I have just received, that I must trust to you to give me credit for what I ought to say on this occasion. My presenting myself before you was to entreat your indulgence for any deficiency of scenery and decorations there may be in the performances we may bring forward for the amusement of the public; be assured that this indulgence shall be claimed as seldom as possible; and that every exertion will be made by the managers to produce entertainment worthy your patronage." He begged leave to assure the audience, that all the persons concerned in Covent-Garden theatre were now in active employ; and that no pains or expense would be spared by the proprietors to erect another theatre, worthy the patronage of a British public; which he hoped would be ready for their reception in September next.

26. Mr. Barrymore, in the absence of Mr Cooke, lent his assistance in Glenalvon, and was warmly welcomed by the audience. We were in hopes that he had been engaged for the season. Such an actor is much wanted in this company.

Oct. 7. The FOREST OF HERMANSTADT is taken by Mr. T. Dib-

din from a French piece, the same which Mr. Skeffington had consulted for the fable of his Mysterious Bride. [See a former *Cabinet*.] In the leading incident there is some portion of novelty, and the situation of the Princess in the ruined castle is sufficiently interesting, but the plot is more meagre than we find it in the generality of French pieces of this kind. Mr. Dibdin has, however, made the most of it, and very judiciously adapted the subject to our stage. The music is by Jouve, and the action of the Melo-drama arranged by Mr. Farley. Both are excellent Oscar Byrne delighted the audience by his elegance and activity. He is already one of our first dancers.

13. Cooke's appearance was greeted with the usual enthusiastic salutation. He seems in excellent health, and never played better.

19. Miss Norton's Portia was far from successful. It wanted importance, and her speech on mercy left no impression. Strange that Mr. Cooke is allowed no support in any of his plays! Look, for instance, at the cast of Richard III.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The new theatre in Covent Garden will be erected with all possible expedition, by Robert Smirke, junior, Esquire, architect, on the site of the late theatre, and that of the houses adjoining. To defray the expense in part, 50,000*l*. is to be raised by subscription in 500*l*. shares, under the patronage of his Majesty: each subscriber to receive, clear of the property tax, and all other charges and outgoings whatsoever, an annuity of 25*l*. to commence from the opening, and to continue for 85 years (being the remaining term of the lease, and of all the premises,) with the addition of an annual transferable free admission to any part of the theatre before the curtain (private boxes excepted, for which the subscribers will be secured by the patent, and the new theatre, with the scenery, machinery, and all other property therein contained. The subscription we understand is already nearly full.

Mr. Bannister was unable to perform on the night of the revival of Blue Beard, on account of the death of his mother.

Mr. Cooke has lately married Miss Lamb, of Edinburgh, a very respectable and accomplished lady.

Mr. Kelly retires from the stage, but is engaged by the Drury Lane managers as composer, and regulator of the chorusses, &c.

Mr. Young appears in Reynolds's new opera at the King's Theatre, which is partly founded on Madame Cottin's Exiles of Siberia. Mazzinghi furnishes the music.

Mr. Kemble, it is stated, has been remunerated for his losses from the late fire, by several ample presents from the nobility.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal, BRIGHTON.—This theatre will shortly close for the season; and we fear, notwithstanding the liberal and unceasing exertions of the managers, it will not be found to have been a profitable one. Since the opening of the winter houses, there has been a constant succession of novelty. Bannister, Elliston, Emery, Munden, Incledon, Johnstone, Dowton, and all the principal actors of both houses, have by turns been engaged. The Way to Keep Him was performed on the 15th of October, for the benefit of Mr. Field, one of our managers, with the following attractive cast:

Lovemore, Mr. C Kemble; Sir Bashful Constant, Mr. Munden; Sir Brilliant Fashion, Mr. Brunton; and the Widow Belmour, Mrs. C. Kemble. A Pantomime followed, in which Bologna, Junr. and Grimaldi, the best Harlequin and Clown of the present day, introduced several of their favourite scenes. The house was fully attended.

Theatres Royal BATH and BRISTOL.---The houses have hitherto been indifferent, particularly at Bristol, although Mr. Young has been brought forward in most of his principal characters. The company is nearly the same as last season. A promising young actor of the name of Vining, is engaged.

Theatre, SHREWSBURY, has been lately very attractive. The Heir at Law, with the Weathercock, were performed in the race week by desire of Lord Clive and T. Eyton, jun. Esq. Stewards of the Races. Part of the pit was railed in with the boxes, and although the rain was extremely heavy at the commencement, the house could not in any way contain the number of company that offered. The character of Dick Dowlas was well represented by Mr. Dwyer, and Mr. Crisp was particularly happy in his picture of Zekiel Homespun---it was a chaste and very interesting piece of acting. On the following evening, the favourite comedy of Laugh when you Can was acted; and Mr. Dwyer added to his reputation in Gossamer: after which was given, for the first time, the melo-drame of Ella Rosenberg, gotten up with much care, and represented in a very accurate style. In this piece, as they usually do in all, Mr. Pitt, and the younger Miss Shuter, displayed considerable merit in the dances.

Theatre Royal, GLASGOW.—This Theatre closed for the summer season on the 24th ult. after having been open almost every night for nearly three months. The following is a correct list of the benefits:

	L.
Talbot. Clandestine Marriage; Critic. - - -	60
Mrs. Powell. Hamlet; Ella Rosenberg. - -	63
R. Jones. Rivals; Weathercock. - - -	175
Bannister. Heir at Law; Children in the Wood. -	180
Raymond. Battle of Hexham; Rugantino. - -	160
Beaumont (manager). Poor Gentleman. Deserter. -	162
Mrs. H. Siddons. Much Ado about Nothing; Caractacus.	25
H. Siddons. Time's a Tell Tale; Ella Rosenberg. -	50
Miss Kelly. Love in a Village; Spoil'd Child. -	45
Elliston. Honey Moon; Three and the Deuce. -	80
Miss Locke. / Wewitzer. \ Provok'd Husband; Anatomist. -	21
Mrs. Orger. School for Friends; Lock and Key. -	50
Campbell. School of Reform; La Perouse. - -	45
Oxberry. Wife of two Husbands; Finger-Post. -	56
Miss Kelly, (2d night). John Bull; Highland Reel. -	60

Miss Kelly's night having proved inadequate to her expectations, she was induced, by the ardour of her friends, to *try again*. Mr. Rock, the Edinburgh manager, volunteered upon the occasion, in his favourite parts of Dennis Brulgruddery and Shelty. He supported both characters in his usual style of excellence, and was cheered throughout with the most rapturous applause. In proof of Mr. Beaumont's merits, as manager, I need only subjoin the following extract from an official testimony:

Glasgow, Sept. 15, 1808.

At a Meeting of the Committee of Proprietors of the Theatre-Royal, Glasgow, Laurence Craigie, Esq. in the Chair,

Resolved unanimously,

1st. That it appears to this Committee that Mr. Beaumont has conducted the business of the Theatre in a manner very superior to any thing hitherto attempted in Scotland, and that his exertions entitle him to their fullest approbation.

2dly. That the Committee recommend Mr. Beaumont in the strongest manner to the favour and patronage of the whole body of the proprietors and the public at large during the ensuing winter season.

3dly. That Mr. Beaumont be requested to open the Theatre for the winter with a play and after-piece under the direct countenance of this committee, who, upon that occasion, hope that the whole proprietors will evince their sense of his attention to the interests of the Theatre.

4thly. That the public be requested, by their patronage upon the same occasion, to manifest the general opinion of the city of Glasgow and its vicinity, of Mr. beaumont's professional merits as a Manager, and his correct and gentlemanly conduct in private life.

(Signed) RICHARD SMELLIE, Sec.

It would be an act of injustice were I to close this letter without noticing, in a particular manner, a performer of the name of *Stanley*. This gentleman's pen is equally ready at writing Address, Song, or Interlude. Besides a variety of songs, &c. which would do honour to *Dibdin*, he has produced an excellent *petite* piece, to the tune of the times, entitled SPANISH PATRIOTISM, and an historical interlude, called SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, *or the Conqueror's Return*. Both of these pieces were received at this Theatre with unbounded applause, by a fashionable and numerous audience

October 10, 1808. VERUS.

SPANISH THEATRICALS.

IN the different towns of Spain which have recently been the scene of carnage and devastation, the Comedians have manifested their patriotism and zeal in the common cause in a way which does credit to their feelings, and shews, in effect, the popularity of British connection among the Spaniards, and their abhorrence of the French. At Venturada a company has performed, during the current month, to overflowing houses, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the brave inhabitants who fell in defending that town against a detachment of French troops, who, on succeeding in the attack, profaned the temples, pillaged the shrines, violated the virgins, and assassinated, without distinction of age or sex, all who opposed the least resistance to their atrocious proceedings.—Among a variety of pieces which have been written expressly for the occasion, the most popular and attractive is one from the pen of Signor JUAN ESTREMERA, entitled *El Tribunal de la Razoa*; *o, Alianza de Ynglaterrary Espawa. The Tribunal of Reason*; *or, The Alliance of England and Spain*. In the *aviso*, or play-bill, the public are respectfully informed, that between the Acts will be sung, by the principal vocal performers, accompanied by the band, and a full chorus, the sublime, loyal, and patriotic hymn of *God Save the King*, so highly and deservedly prized by our generous Allies; after which will be delivered "An animated Address on the Conduct of NAPOLEON the Tyrant, the Scourge of Europe, and the Pestilence of the moral world!"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY. The Life of St. Neol, the eldest Brother of Alfred the Great, by the Rev. John Whitaker, Rector of Ruan Langhorne, Cornwall. Life of Abraham Newland, Esq. Memoirs of the Rev. Samuel Bourn, for many Years one of the Pastors of the United Congregation of the New Meeting in Birmingham; by Joshua Toulmin, D. D.

HISTORY, TRAVELS, &c. Travels in Lower and Upper Canada, by Mr. E. A. Kendal, of New York. Letters from Barbary, France, Spain, Portugal, &c. by an English Officer. History of Brazil, by Dr. Andrew Grant, recently returned from South America.

POETRY. Fingal, an Epic Poem, by Ossian. Rendered into Verse, by Archibald M'Donald. The Minor Minstrel, a Volume of familiar and descriptive Poetry, by Mr. Holloway.

NOVELS, &c. Leicestershire Tales; by Miss Mary Linwood.

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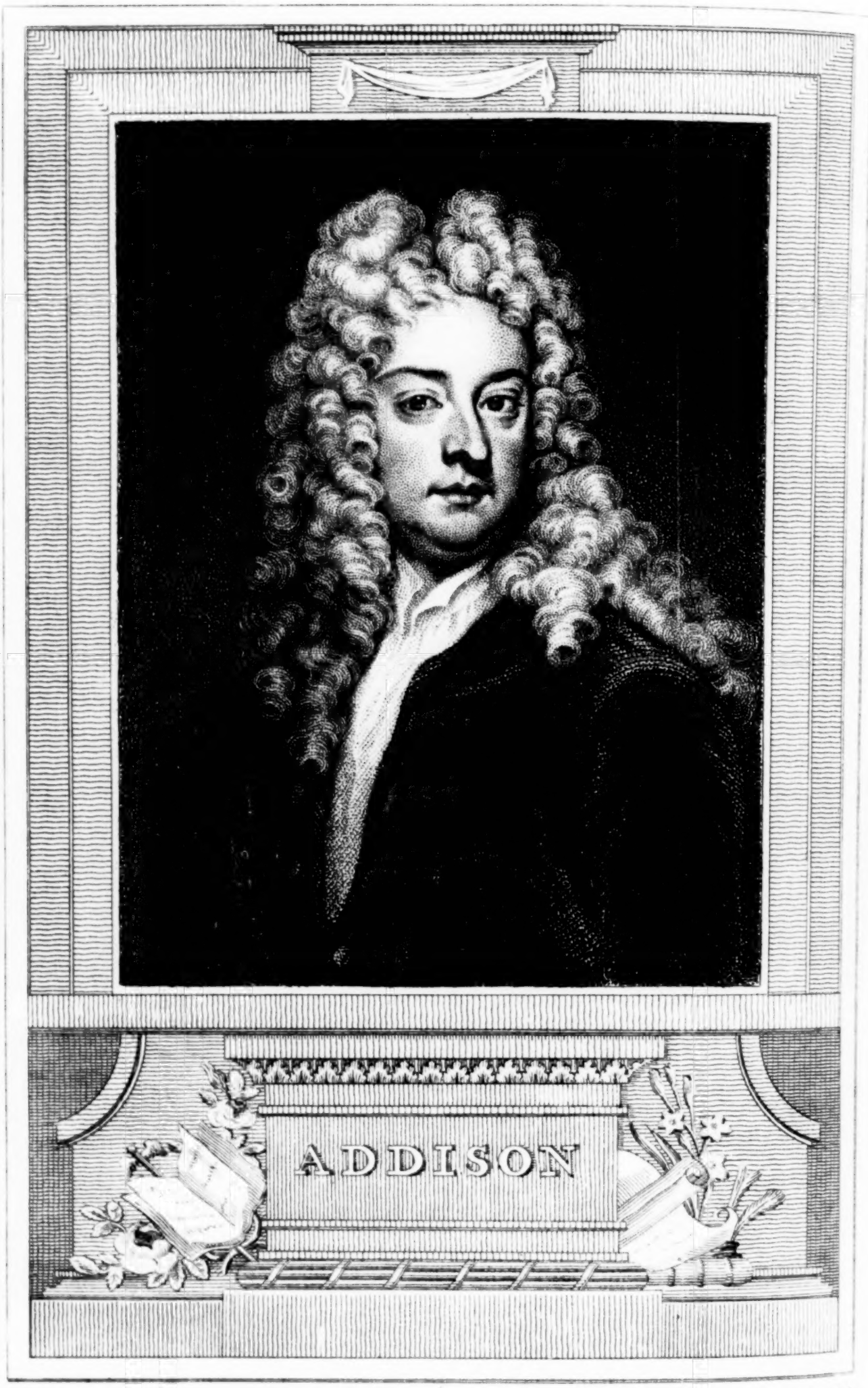

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Published by Mathews & Leigh, 1808.